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VOL I.—THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD
1558—1625

BY E W EDMUNDS, M A , B Sc.
AND FRANK SPOONER, B A.

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P R E F A C E

THE present volume is one of a series of Readings in the masterpieces of English Literature which the editors have compiled as companion volumes to their *Story of English Literature*. It is hoped that these Readings will emphasise the interest in Literature which it is the object of the *Story* to arouse, and will lead to that wider and larger study of our great writers which is so important an element in the culture of an Englishman. The extracts chosen are sufficiently long and complete to enable a student to form a fair estimate of their authors, they have been chosen, too, with an eye upon their own intrinsic value as well as their relative importance in the history of our Literature.

The Readings have been carefully graduated into three Series to meet the requirements of Junior, Intermediate, and Senior students. Each aims at completeness within its own limits, each, it is believed, gives a just view of the literary work of the period treated. But in the Junior Course the extracts have been chosen so as to be suitable for boys and girls, those in the Intermediate Course call for greater power on the part of the readers, while those in the Senior Course will, it is hoped, be found serviceable to more advanced students. The footnotes have been compressed into the minimum of space, and are added entirely with the view of making the Readings enjoyable and stimulating as well as instructive.

Each volume of Readings may be considered as containing three different types of matter

1 *Short poems* which are given complete, with an explanatory introduction if necessary. Such are suitable for memory work, and many of them are also suitable for minute examination.

2 *Longer poems and dramas* which are given incomplete, but the extracts are usually chosen so as to present the whole action of the piece, the portions omitted being supplied by brief connecting summaries.

3 *Prose and poetry from long works* which are supplied with an introduction when the necessary general information is not to be found in the *Story*. These selections have often a certain completeness of their own, and generally illustrate some feature of their author's style which gives them interest.

The arrangement of these Readings is parallel with that of *The Story of English Literature*, vol. i, and it is hoped that, taken together, these volumes will facilitate the study of English Literature on historical principles.

The extracts are taken from good modern texts, and the omission of important passages is invariably acknowledged, except in the case of *Romeo and Juliet*, where it seemed desirable not to break the continuity of the reading.

The editors make grateful acknowledgment of the valuable advice and assistance rendered them by Mr. Albert Howard, B.A., Headmaster of Queen's Park Council Schools, Bedford, in the preparation of this volume.

E W E
F S

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Lord Berners	The Battle of Cressy From <i>Froissart</i>	1
John Lyly	Euphues Glasse for Europe From <i>Euphues</i>	7
Sir Thomas North	Life of Fabius From <i>Plutarch</i>	16
John Davis	The North-west Passage	38
Sir Philip Sidney	Pamela's Prayer From <i>Arcadia</i>	43
	Sonnet Sleep .	45
	Love's Dirge	45
Richard Barnfield	As it fell upon a Day	46
Sir Edward Dyer	My Mind to me a Kingdom is	48
Edmund Spenser	February From <i>The Shepherdes Calender</i>	50
	The Cave of Mammon From <i>The Faerie Queene</i>	58
Christopher Marlowe	Edward II	78
	The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	96
Sir Walter Raleigh	The Reply of the Shepherdess	97
William Shakespeare	Romeo and Juliet	97
	Under the Greenwood Tree	173
	Man's Ingratitude . . .	174
	Sonnet XXX . . .	174
Robert Greene	Sephestia's Song to her Child	175
Thomas Lodge	Love's Wantonness	176
Sir Henry Wotton	Character of a Happy Life	177

		PAGE
Michael Drayton	The Ballad of Agincourt	178
Samuel Daniel	Sonnet Sleep	181
Thomas Campion	Cherry Ripe	182
Francis Bacon	Studies From the <i>Essays</i>	183
	Travel " " "	185
Ben Jonson	To Celia	188
	Charis' Triumph	189
Thomas Dekker	O Sweet Content	190
Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher	The Knight of the Burning Pestle	190
John Fletcher	Hence, all you vain delights !	247

READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

JUNIOR COURSE

LORD BERNERS (1467—1533)

Froissart's Chronicles

John Bouchier, Lord Berners, courtier and diplomatist, was Governor of Calais under Henry VIII, from 1520 till his death. His office left him abundant leisure for literary work, and he devoted himself to translation. His fame rests on his translation of Froissart's Chronicles, that great storehouse of chivalrous and medieval incident. The translation is vivid and picturesque, alive with the spirit of the original. It was undertaken by the command of the king.

OF THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battles. The first, which was the prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The earl of Northampton and the earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after in such haste and evil

order, that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and said to his marshals "Make the Genoways go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis." There were of the Genoways cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms we have more need of rest." These words came to the earl of Alençon, who said "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and aclipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot, then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them fly away, he said "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men

of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press, the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant king of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him "Where is the lord Charles my son?" His men said "Sir, we cannot tell, we think he be fighting." Then he said "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey. I requie you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself king of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle, but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company, and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day

they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other

The earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordynately and fought with the Englishmen, and the earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French king would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the curroures of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master then he went not back again the same way that they came, there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain, for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almaines perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succour the prince's

battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado, and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king "Sir, the earl of Warwick and the earl of Oxford, sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repointed in that they had sent to the king as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the earl of Harcourt his brother might have been saved, for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party but sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the earl of Alençon and the earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner, but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the duke of Lorraine fought under their banners, but at last they

were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the earl of Auxerre, the earl of Saint-Pol and many other.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king "Sir, depart hence, for it is time, lose not yourself wilfully if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark. Then the king called to the captain, who came to the walls and said "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king said "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, sir John of Hainault, sir Charles of Montmorency, the lord of Beaujeu, the lord of d'Aubigny and the lord of Montsault. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

JOHN LYLY (? 1554—? 1606)

Euphues (1579)

Lyly's famous romance appeared in two parts—*Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1579), and *Euphues and his England* (1580). In the first he places his hero, an Athenian youth, in Naples, in the second he brings him to England. The following extract is taken from the second part, Euphues here gives a description of England for the benefit of "the Ladyes and Gentlewomen of Italy."

The spelling has been modernised in this extract, but that has not destroyed the flavour of Euphuism. Note the queer similes, the peculiar use of natural history, the antitheses, the patriotism, the lavish praise of the queen.

EUPHUES GLASSE FOR EUROPE

There is an Isle lying in the Ocean Sea, directly against that part of France, which containeth Picardie and Normandy, called now England, heretofore named Brittany, it hath Ireland upon the west side, on the north the main sea, on the east side, the German Ocean. This Island is in circuit 1720 miles, in form like unto a Triangle, being broadest in the South part, and gathering narrower and narrower till it come to the farthest point of Caithness, Northward, where it is narrowest, and there endeth in manner of a Promontory. To repeat the ancient manner of this Island, or what sundry nations have inhabited there, to set down the Giants, which in bigness of bone have passed the common size, and almost common credit, to rehearse what diversities of Languages have been used, into how many kingdoms it hath been divided, what religions have been followed before the coming of Christ, although it would breed great delight to your ears, yet might it happily seem tedious. For that honey taken excessively cloyeth the stomach though it be honey.

But my mind is briefly to touch such things as at my being there I gathered by mine own study and

enquiry, not meaning to write a Chronicle, but to set down in a word what I heard by conference

It hath in it twenty and six Cities, of the which the chiefest is named London, a place both for the beauty of building, infinite riches, variety of all things, that excelleth all the Cities in the world insomuch that it may be called the Store-house and Mart of all Europe Close by this City runneth the famous River called the Thames, which from the head where it riseth named Isis, unto the fall midway it is thought to be an hundred and fourscore miles What can there be in any place under the heavens, that is not in this noble City either to be bought or borrowed?

It hath divers Hospitals for the relieving of the poore, six score fair Churches for divine service, a glorious Bourse which they call the Royal Exchange, for the meeting of Merchants of all countries where any traffic is to be had And among the strange and beautiful shows, methinketh there is none so notable, as the Budge which crosses the Thames, which is in manner of a continual street, well replenished with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate upon twenty Arches, whereof each one is made of excellent free stone squared, every one of them being threescore foot in height, and full twenty in distance one from another

To this place the whole Realm hath his recourse, whereby it seemeth so populous, that one would scarce think so many people to be in the whole Island, as he shall see sometimes in London

* * * * *

There are in this Isle two and twenty Bishops, which are as it were superintendents over the church, men of great zeal, and deep knowledge, diligent Preachers of the Word, earnest followers of their doctrine, careful watchmen that the Wolf devour not the Sheep, in civil government politic, in ruling the spiritual sword (as far as to them under their Prince

appertaineth) just, cutting of those members from the Church by rigor, that are obstinate in their heresies, and, instructing those that are ignorant, appointing godly and learned Ministers in every of their Sees, that in their absence may be lights to such as are in darkness, salt to those that are unsavoury, leaven to such as are not seasoned.

* * * * *

There are also in this Island two famous Universities, the one Oxford, the other Cambridge, both for the profession of all sciences, for Divinity, physick, Law, and all kind of learning, excelling all the Universities in Christendom

* * * * *

Concerning their diet, in number of dishes and change of meat, the nobility of England do exceed most, having all things that either may be bought for money, or got for the season. Gentlemen and merchants feed very finely, and a poor man it is that dineth with one dish, and yet so content with a little, that having half dined, they say as it were in a proverb, that they are as well satisfied as the Lord Mayor of London whom they think to fare best, though he eat not most

* * * * *

The attire they use is rather led by the imitation of others, than their own invention, so that there is nothing in England more constant, than the inconstancy of attire, now using the French fashion, now the Spanish, then the Morisco gowns, then one thing, then another, insomuch that in drawing of an English man the painter setteth him down naked, having in the one hand a pair of shears, in the other a piece of cloth, who having cut his collar, after the French guise is ready to make his sleeve after the Barbarian manner. And although this were the greatest enormity that I could see in England, yet it

is to be excused, for they that cannot maintain this pride must leave of necessity, and they that be able, will leave when they see the vanity

* * * * *

Then air is very wholesome and pleasant, their civility not inferior to those that deserve best, their wits very sharp and quick, although I have heard that the Italian and the Frenchman have accompted them but gross and dull pated, which I think came not to pass by the proof they made of their wits, but by the Englishman's report

For this is strange (and yet how true it is, there is none that ever travelled thither but can report) that it is always incident to an Englishman, to think worst of his own nation, either in learning, experience, common reason, or wit, preferring always a stranger rather for the name, than the wisdom I for mine own part think, that in all Europe there are not Lawyers more learned, Divines more profound, Physicians more expert, than are in England

But that which most allueth a stranger is their courtesy, their civility, and good entertainment I speak this by experience, that I found more courtesy in England among those I never knew, in one year, than I have done in Athens or Italy among those I ever loved, in twenty

But having entreated sufficiently of the country and their conditions, let me come to the Glass I promised being the court, where although I should as order requireth begin with the chiefest, yet I am enforced with the Painter, to reserve my best colours to end Venus, and to lay the ground with the basest

First then I must tell you of the grave and wise Counsellors, whose foresight in peace warranteth safety in war, whose provision in plenty, maketh sufficient in dearth, whose care in health is as it were a preparative against sickness, how great their wisdom hath been in all things, the twenty-two years peace doth both show

and prove For what subtilty hath there been wrought so closely, what pryvy attempts so craftily, what rebellions stirred up so disorderly, but they have by policy betrayed, prevented by wisdom, repressed by justice? What conspiracies abroad, what confederacies at home, what injuries in any place hath there been contrived, the which they have not either foreseen before they could kindle, or quenched before they could flame?

* * * * *

They have all a zealous care for the increasing of true religion, whose faiths for the most part hath been tried through the fire, which they had felt, had they not fled over the water. Moreover the great study they bend towards schools of learning, both sufficiently declare, that they are not only furtherers of learning, but fathers of the learned. O thrice happy England where such Counsellors are, where such people live, where such virtue springeth

* * * * *

The Ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the Gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at mid-noon, and make their evening at midnight, using sonnets for psalms, and pastimes for prayers, reading the Epistle of a Lover, when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord, drawing wanton lines when death is before their face, as Archimedes¹ did triangles and circles when the enemy was at his back. Behold Ladies in this glass, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the English damsels, who have their books tied to their girdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in the Scriptures as you are in Aristotle² or

¹ **Archimedes** The great scientist and mathematician was busy over an abstruse problem when the Romans under Marcellus sacked Syracuse in B.C. 212. He was killed as he sat at work.

² **Aristotle**, the famous Greek philosopher (B.C. 384—322).

Petrarch¹ or any book that liketh you best, and becometh you most

For bravery I cannot say that you exceed them, for certainly it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seen, read, or heard of, but yet do they not use their apparel so nicely as you in Italy, who think scorn to kneel at service, for fear of wrinkles in your silks, who dare not lift up your head to heaven, for fear of rumpling the ruffs in your neck, yet your hands I confess are holden up, rather I think to show your rings, than to manifest your righteousness. The bravery they use is for the honour of their Prince, the attire you wear for the alluring of your prey, the rich apparel maketh their beauty more seen, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected, they resemble in their raiment the Ostrich, who being gazed on, closeth her wings and hideth her feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the peacock, who, being praised spreadeth her tail, and betrayeth her pride. Velvets and Silks in them are like gold about a pure Diamond, in you like a green hedge, about a filthy dunghill. Think not, Ladies, that because you are decked with gold, you are endued with grace, imagine not that shining like the sun in earth, you shall climb the sun in heaven, look diligently into this English glass, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparel is, the greater your courtesy should be, that you ought to be as far from pride, as you are from poverty, and as near to princes in beauty, as you are in brightness. Because you are brave, disdain not those that are base, think with yourselves that russet coats have their Christendom, that the Sun when he is at his height shineth as well upon coarse carsie² as cloth of tissue, though you have pearls in your ears, Jewels in your breasts, precious

¹ Petrarch the favourite Italian poet of the Renaissance See *The Story of English Literature*, vol. 1 ch. III

² carsie otherwise spelled *kersey*, a rough woollen material

stones on your fingers, yet disdain not the stones in the street, which, although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessary. Let not your robes hinder your devotion, learn of the English Ladies, that God is worthy to be worshipped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise, then shall you be like stars to the wife, who now are but staring stocks to the foolish, then shall you be praised of most, who are now pointed at of all, then shall God bear with your folly, who now abhorreth your pride.

As the Ladies in this blessed Island are devout and brave, so are they chaste and beautiful, insomuch that when I first beheld them, I could not tell whether some mist had bleared mine eyes, or some strange enchantment altered my mind, for it may be, thought I, that in this Island, either some Artimedorus or Lisimandro,¹ or some old Necromancer did inhabit, who would show me faunes, or the body of Helen, or the new shape of Venus, but coming to myself, and seeing that my senses were not changed, but hindered, that the place where I stood was no enchanted castle, but a gallant court, I could scarce restrain my voice from crying, There is no beauty but in England. There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lily and the rose, of favour (wherein the chiefest beauty consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feigned, or the Magician that would feign, their eyes piercing like the sunbeams, yet chaste, their speech pleasant and sweet, yet modest and courteous, their gait comely, their bodies straight, their hands white, all things that man could wish, or women would have, which, how much it is, none can set down, when as the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautiful moulds, chaste minds to these comely bodies temperance, modesty, mild-

¹ Artimedorus or Lisimandro soothsayers. What is a necromancer? It is derived from Greek *nekros*, dead.

ness, sobriety, whom I often beheld merry yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicacies yet but their careful, listening to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning for there it more delighteth them to talk of Robin Hood, than to shoot in his bow, and greater pleasure they take, to hear of love, than to be in love

* * * * *

They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions though courtly, because women, yet Angels, because virtuous

* * * * *

Blessed is that Land, that hath all commodities to increase the common wealth, happy is that Island that hath wise counsellors to maintain it, virtuous courtiers to beautify it, noble Gentlemen to advance it, but to have such a Prince to govern it, as is their Sovereign Queen, I know not whether I should think, the people to be more fortunate, or the Prince famous, whether their felicity be more to be had in admiration, that have such a ruler, or her virtues to be honoured, that hath such royalty

* * * * *

Touching the beauty of this Prince, her countenance, her personage, her majesty, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marvelled at So that I am constrained to say as Praxitiles did, when he began to paint Venus and her Son, who doubted, whether the world could afford colours good enough for two such fair faces, and I whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine, which seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who being not able to discern the Sun in the Sky are enforced to behold it in the water

Zeuxis¹ having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said, that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess of beauty, therefore being in despair either by art to shadow her, or by imagination to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open, and Venus going in, so as nothing could be perceived but her back, wherein he used such cunning, that Apelles¹ himself seeing this work, wished that Venus would turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus. In the like manner fared it with me, for having all the Ladies in Italy more than fifty hundred, whereby to colour Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis, that as many more will not suffice, and therefore in as great an agony paint her count with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty, wherein though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you will like my handicraft, and become her handmaids. In the mean season I leave you gazing until she turn her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed to that end, that no art should imitate, wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be Apes.

This beautiful mould when I beheld to be endued, with chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of nature (as hereafter shall appear) when I saw her to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excell all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind, I began thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years a virgin in great majesty, so she may live fourscore years a mother, with great joy, that as with her we have long

¹ Zeuxis a Greek painter, as also was Apelles

time had peace and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abundance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's children in the world otherwise, how tickle their state is that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now are in honour, they that live shall see which I, to think on, sigh But God for his mercies sake, Christ for his merits sake, the holy Ghost for his names sake, grant to that realm, comfort without any ill chance, and the Prince they have without any other change, that the longer she liveth the sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis, that she may be triumphant in victories like the palm tree, fruitful in her age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious so that there be no end of her praise, until the end of all flesh

* * * * *

This is the Glass Ladies wherein I would have you gaze, wherein I took my whole delight, imitate the Ladies in England, amend your manners, rub out the wrinkles of the mind, and be not curious about the weams¹ in the face As for their Elizabeth, sith² you can neither sufficiently marvel at her, nor I praise her, let us all pray for her, which is the only duty we can perform, and the greatest that we can proffer

SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535—1601)

Sir Thomas North is one of the earliest of the masters of English prose His most famous work is his rendering in English of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes* His version is from Amyot's French translation (1559), but North does not slavishly follow his French, still less the Greek original His freedom of style and the spirit and movement of his work make it read like an original The book has the

¹ weams marks

² sith since

distinction of having been Shakespeare's treasury of classical history. It appeared in the year 1579.

Fabius Maximus, the subject of the story selected, saved Rome from the army of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general. His policy was persistent withdrawal from direct and open battle, restlessly harassing the enemy from points of vantage on the hills. For this he was nicknamed "Cunctator" or "the delayer." For eight years Hannibal was thus foiled by the "Fabian policy." Fabius died in B.C. 203, one year before Hannibal's final overthrow by Scipio on the plains of Zama.

The Life of Fabius Maximus

Having already declared unto you such things worthy memory as we could collect, and gather of the life of Pericles¹ it is now good time we should proceed to write also of the life of Fabius Maximus. It is said the first Fabius, from whom the house and family of the Fabians did descend (being the greatest and noblest house of all other in Rome) was begotten by Hercules,² whom he got of a nymph (or as other say, a woman of the country) by the river of Tiber. And some say, that the first of this house, were called at the beginning Fodians, because they did hunt wild beasts, with pitfalls and ditches. For unto this present the Romans call ditches, *fossæ* and to dig *fodere*. Since that time, the two second letters have been changed, and they have called them Fabians.

¹ **Pericles** a great Athenian statesman, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen. He lived from about B.C. 494 to B.C. 429. For forty years he was at the head of the administration, and for fifteen of these he ruled alone. Under his rule Athens was adorned by the erection of buildings such as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Propylææ, whose ruins to this day give witness to the perfection of Greek art. Such was his eloquence that the poets said that the goddess of persuasion, with all her charms and attractions, dwelt upon his tongue. It was his dying boast that no citizen of Athens had ever been obliged to put on mourning on his account.

² **Hercules** son of Jupiter and Alcmena, a Theban princess. He is one of the greatest of the heroes of Greek mythology. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, was his inveterate enemy, and caused to be imposed on him certain superhuman feats of strength known as the "Twelve Labours" of Hercules. By his accomplishment of these he became the type of strength and endurance.

But howsoever it was, this is certain, that many noble men have come out of that house, and among other, there was one of that house called Fabius Bullus, whom the Romans for his noble acts did surname Maximus, very great. After him Fabius Maximus, whose life we have now in hand, was the fourth lineally descended of the same line, and he was surnamed *Verrucosus*,¹ because of a certain birth-mark he had upon one of his lips, like a little wart. And he was also surnamed *ovicula*, a little lamb, for his softness, slowness, and gravity of his doings whilst he was a child. But because of nature he was dull, still, and very silent, and that he was seldom seen to play at any pastime among the boys, and for that they saw he was but of slow capacity, and hard to learn and conceive,² and withal that the boys might do to him what they would, he was so lowly to his fellows this made men judge that looked not unto him that he would prove a very fool and idiot. Yet others were of contrary opinion of him who considering more deeply the man, perceived in his nature a certain secret constancy and the majesty of a lion. But Fabius self when he was called to serve the common weal,³ did quickly show to the world, that which they took for dullness in him, was his gravity, which never altered for no cause or respect and that which others judged fearfulness in him, was very wisdom. And where he showed himself not hasty, nor sudden in any thing it was found in him an assured and settled constancy. Wherefore when he came to consider the great sovereignty of their common weal, and the continual wars it was in he did use⁴ his body to all hardness, and brought up himself therewithal, that he

¹ *Verrucosus* full of warts, warty (Lat *verruca*, a wart)

² *conceive* apprehend, understand

³ *common weal* consider the meaning if read as one word "commonwealth" (the commonwealth or state), and as two words "common weal" (the public well-being)

⁴ *use* accustom

might be the better able to serve in the field and he gave himself much to eloquence also, as a necessary instrument to persuade soldiers unto reason. His tongue likewise did agree with his conditions, and manner of life. For he had no manner of affectation, nor counterfeit fineness in his speech, but his words were ever very grave and profound, and his sentences even grafted in him by nature, and (as some say) were much like Thucydides'¹ sayings. As appeareth in a funeral oration he made before the people in the praise of his son, who died when he came out of his consulship, which is yet extant to be seen.

Now as for him, having been five times chosen Consul,² in his first year of his consulship, he triumphed over the Ligurians (which be people of the mountains, and upon the coast of Genoa) who being overthrown by him in a great battell,³ where they had lost many men, they were compelled to go their way, and to take the Alps for their succour, and durst no more appear upon the borders of Italy, whereupon they did confine⁴ Hannibal⁵ entering Italy afterwards with

¹ **Thucydides** a famous Greek historian, he lived B.C. 471—391. During the Peloponnesian War he was sent to the relief of Amphipolis and failed, and for this he was banished from Athens. He wrote an unfinished *History of the Peloponnesian War*, which is distinguished for its accuracy, impartiality, elegance of diction and energy of description. The speeches which, in common with ancient historians, he records, are remarkable for their animation and for the skill with which the emotions and sentiments of the speakers are portrayed.

² **Consul** chief magistrate of Rome. Two were chosen annually, and served for the space of one year.

³ **battell** battle. M.E. and O.F. *bataille*.

⁴ **confine** border, adjoin.

⁵ **Hannibal** a celebrated Carthaginian general, one of the most famous in all history. In B.C. 218 when only twenty-nine years of age, having conquered Spain, he marched with 100,000 men from Carthage, crossed the Pyrenees, followed the Rhone, and led his troops across the Alps over passes deemed inaccessible. At the Ticinus, a tributary of the Po, he met the Romans under Scipio, who fell back beyond the Po before Hannibal's superior horse. In the plain of the Trebia he defeated and destroyed the Roman Army. The next spring he fought and annihilated a force of 80,000 Romans at Cannæ. But whilst the Romans could put army after army into the field, Hannibal,

a great army, and having won the first battel near unto the river of Trebia he passed further, and went through Tuscany, wasting and destroying all the country as he passed by. This made Rome quake for fear. Besides they saw many signs and tokens, some common unto them, as thundring, lightning, and such other like but other also more strange, never seen nor heard of before. For it was reported that certain targets were waxen all bloody of themselves, and that about the city of Antium they found wheat ears, which were all bloody when they were reaped that there fell from heaven, burning stones all in a flame of fire and in the country of the Falerians how the element¹ seemed to open, and many little written scrolls fell down upon the ground, in one of the which were written these words, word for word Mars² doth now handle his weapons. But all these signs and wonders did nothing appal nor daunt the boldness of Caius Flaminius, Consul then who besides the natural great courage, and aspiring mind he had to honour, yet was it beyond all reason increased in him, by the wonderful good success he had before. For, notwithstanding the Senate called him home again, and that his fellow Consul stood against his intent he for all that did give battell to the Gauls, in despite of them all, and wan the victory. Likewise, though all these signs and wonders in the air, did greatly trouble and amaze multitudes of people yet did they nothing trouble Fabius, for he saw no apparent cause to be troubled withal. But he understanding the small

by the niggardliness of his countrymen, lacked the support by which alone his forces could be kept at their full fighting strength. Hence, though he was never defeated during the long years of his campaign in Italy, the struggle he maintained was hopeless. In B.C. 202 he was recalled to Carthage to repel the Roman invasion, and was defeated by Scipio at Zama. He died B.C. 183. He was probably the greatest military genius the world has seen.

¹ the element the air, atmosphere, sky

² Mars the god of War

number of his enemies and the lack of money that was among them gave counsel, and was of opinion they should patiently forbear a little, and not to hazard battell against a man, whose army had been long trained in wars, and by many foughten fields was grown valiant and expert. Moreover, he thought good they should send aid to their subjects, and other their allies and confederates, as need required, to keep their cities still under their obedience and in the mean season by tract of time, to wear out Hannibal's force and power, which was like straw set on fire, that straight giveth forth a blaze, and yet hath no substance to hold fire long. When Fabius had thus said enough to persuade Flaminius, yet it would not sink into Flaminius' head for, said he, I will not tarry until the wars come to Rome gates, neither will I be brought to fight upon the walls of the city, to defend it, as Camillus did, that fought within the city self in old time. Whereupon he commanded his captains to set out their bands to the field, and he himself took his horseback which upon the sodain,¹ without any cause was so afeard, and took so on with himself, that he cast the Consul to the ground with his head forward. For all this fall he would not change his mind, but held on his journey toward Hannibal, and presented him battell in Tuscany by the lake called Trasimenus, which is the lake of Perusia. This battel was so fiercely fought on both sides, that notwithstanding there was such a terrible earthquake therewith, that some cities were overthrowen and turned topsy-turvey,² some rivers had their streams turned against their course, and the foot of the mountains were torn in sunder, and broken open yet not one of them that were fighting, heard any such thing at all. Flaminius the Consul self was slain at that battel, after he had in his own person done many a

¹ sodain ME for "sudden" OF *sudain* from L *subitanus*

² topsy-turvey upside down, bottom upwards

valiant act, and many of the worthiest gentlemen and valiantest soldieis of his army lay dead about him the residue being fled, the slaughter was great, for the bodies slain were fifteen thousand, and so many prisoners left alive. After this overthrow, Hannibal made all the search he could possible¹ to find the body of Flaminius, to bury him honourably, because of his valiantness but he could never be found amongst the dead bodies, neither was it ever heard what became of it. Now as touching the first overthrow at Trebia, neither the general that wrote it, nor the post that brought the first news to Rome, told the troth of it as it was, but feigned that the end was doubtful, and that they could not tell who had the best. But of this battell, so soon as the Prætor² Pomponius had received the news, he called all the people to counsel, where without disguising or dissembling at all, he plainly said thus unto them. My Lords, we have lost the battel, our army is overthrown, and the Consul himself is slain in the field, wherefore consider what you have to do, and provide for your safety. These words spoken to the people, as, it had been a boisterous storm of weather that had fallen on them from the sea, to put them in danger, did so terrify the multitude, and trouble the whole city for fear that they were all in a maze, and knew not what to determine. Yet in the end they all agreed that it stood them upon to have a chief magistrate, called in Latin *dictatura*, that should be a man of courage, and could stoutly use it without sparing or fearing any person. And for this, Fabius Maximus was thought the only man meet to be chosen, as he, whose noble courage and grave behaviour was answerable to the dignity and sovereignty of the office and moreover, that to his gravity and wisdom there was joined (by reasonable age) strength of body, and

¹ possible what part of speech is this word here ?

² Prætor a Roman magistrate

valiantness with experience. This counsel being confirmed by them all, Fabius was chosen Dictator,¹ who named Lucius Minucius general of the horsemen * * *

Fabius at his first coming, because he would shew the majesty and dignity of his office, that every man, should be the more obedient and ready at his commandment when he went abroad, he had four and twenty sergeants² before him, carrying the bundles of rods, and axes. And when one of the consuls came to him, he sent a sergeant to command his bundle of rods that were carried before him, to be put down, and all other tokens of dignity to be laid aside and that he should come and speak with him, as a private man. And first to make a good foundation, and to begin with the service of the gods he declared unto the people, that the loss they had received, came through the rashness and wilful negligence of their captain, who made no reckoning of the gods nor religion and not through any default and cowardliness of the soldiers. And for this cause he did persuade them not to be afraid of their enemies, but to appease the wrath of the gods, and to serve and honour them. Not that he made them hereby supersitious, but did confirm their valiancy with true religion and godliness and besides did utterly take away and assuage their fear of their enemies, by giving them certain hope and assurance of the aid of the gods * * *. So Fabius having brought the people to hope and trust to have the aid and favour of the gods made them in the end the better disposed

¹ **Dictator** an extraordinary magistrate appointed, in times of crisis, to take supreme control of the affairs of the Roman Republic. His appointment was for a period not exceeding six months when, if affairs seemed desperate, he was again elected. During his rule, even the laws were subject to his will.

² **sergeants** commonly called *lictors*. These attended upon the magistrates in Rome carrying bundles of rods, called *fascas*, and axes—the instruments of punishment. According to the rank of the magistrates the number of lictors attendant upon them varied from six to twenty-four.

to live well afterwards. Then Fabius hoping after victory, and that the gods would send good luck and prosperity unto men, through their valiantness and wisdom did straight set forward unto Hannibal, not as minded to fight with him, but fully resolved to wear out his strength and power, by delays and tract of time and to increase his poverty by the long spending of his own money, and to consume the small number of his people, with the great number of his soldiers. Fabius camped always in the strong and high places of the mountains, out of all danger of his enemy's horsemen, and coasted¹ still after the enemy so that when Hannibal stayed in any place, Fabius also stayed if Hannibal removed, he followed him straight, and would be always near him, but never forsook the hills, neither would he come so near him, as that he should be enforced to fight against his will. Yet always he followed the enemy at his tail, and made him ever afraid of him, thinking still that he sought to get the vantage, to give the charge upon him. Thus by delaying, and prolonging the time in this sort, he became disliked of every body. For every man both in his own camp, and abroad, spoke very ill of him openly and as for his enemies, they took him for no better, than a rank coward, Hannibal only excepted. But he perceiving his great reach² and policy, and foreseeing his manner of fight, saw there was no remedy, but by plain force or flight to bring him to the fight for otherwise his delay would overthrow the Carthaginians, when they should not come to handy strokes with him, wherein only consisted all their hope and strength, and in the meantime his soldiers should fall away, and die, and his money wax scant, and himself should grow the weaker. Thereupon Hannibal began to bethink him, and devise all the stratagems and policies of war he

¹ coasted kept close to

² reach power of attainment Cf "It is beyond my reach"

could imagine and like a cunning wrestler, to seek out all the tricks he could to give his adversary the fall. For suddenly, he would go and give alarm¹ to his camp by and by again he would retire. Another time he would remove his camp, from one place to another, and give him some advantage, to see if he could pluck his lingring device² out of his head, and yet to hazard nothing. But as for Fabius, he continued still resolute in his first determination that delay of fight was the best way so to overthrow him. Howbeit Minucius, general of his horsemen, did trouble him much. For he being earnestly bent to fight without discretion, and braving³ of a lusty courage, crept into opinion with the soldiers, by his hot fury and desire to fight. Which wrought much in them, and so stirred up their courages, that they mocked Fabius altogether and called him Hannibal's schoolmaister and contrariwise they commended Minucius, for a valiant captain, and worthy Roman. This made Minucius look high, and have a proud opinion of himself, mocking Fabius because he ever lodged on the hills, with saying, the Dictator would make them goodly sports, to see their enemies waste and burn Italy before their face. Moreover, he asked Fabius' friends, whether he would in the end lodge his camp in the sky, that he did climb up so high upon mountains, mistrusting the earth or else that he was so affraid his enemies would find him out, that he went to hide himself in the clouds. Fabius' friends made report of these jests, and advised him rather to hazard battell, than to bear such reproachful words as were spoken of him. But Fabius answered them. If I should yield to that you counsel me, I should shew my self a greater coward than I am.

¹ **alarm** a call to arms, hence its modern meaning L. *ad illa arma*—to those arms¹ to your arms¹

² **his lingring device** his policy of caution, of delaying to fight

³ **braving** making fine show

taken for now by leaving my determination, for fear of their mocks and spiteful words. For it is no shame for a man to stand fearful, and jealous, of the welfare and safety of his country but otherwise to be afeard of the wagging of every straw, or to regard every common prating, it is not the part of a worthy man of charge,¹ but rather of a base-minded person, to seek to please those whom he ought to command and govern, because they are but fools. After this, Hannibal chanced to fall into a great error. For intending to leave Fabius to bring his army into the plains, where there was plenty of victuals, and store of pasture to feed his horse and cattell he commanded his guides to bring him straight after supper, into the plain of Casinum. They mistaking his words, and not understanding well what he said, because his Italian tongue² was but mean, took one thing for another, and so brought him and his army to the end of a field near the city of Casilinum, through the midst of the which runneth a river, the Romans call Vulturnus. Now the country lying by it, was a valley compassed in with mountains round about, saving that the river went to the sea where leaving his own banks, it spreadeth abroad into the marishes,³ and banks of sand very deep, and in the end fell into that part of the sea which is most dangerous, and there was neither succour or covert. Hannibal being now fallen as it were into the bottom of a sack, Fabius that knew the country, and was very perfect in all the ways thereabouts, followed him step by step, and stopped his passage, where he should have come out of the valley, with four thousand footmen, which he planted there to keep the strait, and disposed the rest of his army upon the hangings

¹ a man of charge a man carrying great responsibilities

² his Italian tongue his knowledge of Italian

³ marishes marshes AS *mersc*, a marsh EE *mersc*, lit mere-ish, *z e* full of meres or pools

of the hills, in the most apt and fit places all about. Then with his light horsemen he gave a charge, upon the rearward of his enemy's battell¹ which put all Hannibal's army by and by out of order, and so there were slain eight hundred of his men. Whereupon Hannibal would have removed his camp thence immediately, and knowing then the fault his guides had made, taking one place for another, and the danger wherein they had brought him he roundly trussed them up, and hung them by the necks. Now to force his enemies to come down from the tops of the hills, and to win them from their strength, he saw it was impossible and out of all hope. Wherefore, perceiving his soldiers both afraid and discouraged, for that they saw themselves hemmed in on all sides, without any order to escape Hannibal determined to deceive Fabius by a device. He caused straight two thousand oxen to be chosen out of the herd, which they had taken before in their spoils, and tied to their horns light bundels of reeds, and sallow faggots, or bunches of the dead cuttings of vines and commanded the drovers that had the charge of them, that when they saw any signal or token lift up in the air in the night, they should then straight set fire on those bundels and bunches, and drive up the beasts to the hills, toward the ways where the enemies lay. Whilst these things were a preparing, he on the other side ranged his army in order of battell, and when night came, caused them to march fair and softly. Now these beasts, whilst the fire was but little that burnt upon their horns, went but fair and softly up the hill from the foot of the mountains from whence they were driven. Insomuch as the herdmen that were on the top of the mountains, wondered marvellously to see such flames and fires about the horns of so many beasts, as if it had been an army marching in order of battell with lights and torches. But when their

¹ battell army, forces

horns came to be burnt to the stumps, and that the force of the fire did fly their very flesh then began the oxen to fight together, and to shake their heads, whereby they did set one another afire. Then left they their soft pace, and went no more in order as they did before, but for the extreme pain they felt, began to run here and there in the mountains, carrying fire still about their horns, and in their tails, and set fire of all the boughs and coppices they passed by. This was a strange sight to look upon, and did much amaze the Romans that kept the passages of the mountains, for they thought they had been men that ran here and there with torches in their hands. Whereupon they were in a marvellous fear and trouble, supposing they had been their enemies that ran thus towards them, to environ¹ them of all sides so as they durst no more keep the passages which they were commanded, but forsaking their straits,² began to fly towards their main and great camp. Thereupon Hannibal's light horsemen immediately possessed the straits that were kept by reason whereof, all the rest of his army marched out at their ease and leisure, without fear or danger, notwithstanding that they were laden and troubled with marvellous great spoils, and of all kinds of sorts. Fabius then perceived very well the same night, that it was but a sleight³ of Hannibal for some of the oxen that fled here and there fell upon his army. Whereupon fearing to fall upon some ambush by reason of the dark night, he kept his men in battell ray,⁴ without stirring, or making any noise. The next morning by break of day, he began to follow his enemy by the track, and fell upon the trail of the rearward,⁵ with

¹ to environ to surround

² straits narrow passes, ravines

³ sleight trick, stratagem

⁴ battell ray order of battle

⁵ rearward the rear-guard *Ward* = a guard, watch, A S *weard*
Cf *wary*

whom he skirmished within the straits of the mountains and so did distress somewhat Hannibal's army Hannibal thereupon sent out of his vanguard¹ a certain number of Spaniards (very lusty and nimble fellows, that were used to the mountains, and acquainted with climbing up upon them) who coming down, and setting upon the Romans that were heavy armed, slew a great number of them, and made Fabius to retire Thereupon they despised Fabius the more, and thought worse of him than they did before because his pretence and determination was not to be brought to fight with Hannibal, but by wisdom and policy to overthrow him, whereas he himself by Hannibal was first finely handled and deceived Hannibal then to bring Fabius further in disliking and suspicion with the Romans, commanded his soldiers when they came near any of Fabius lands, that they should burn and destroy all round about them, but gave them in charge in no wise to meddle with Fabius' lands, nor any thing of his, and did purposely appoint a garrison to see that nothing of Fabius should miscarry, nor yet take hurt This was straight carried to Rome, which did thereby the more incense the people against him And to help it forward, the Tribunes never ceased crying out upon him in their orations to the people, and all by Metellus' special procurement and persuasion, who of himself had no cause to mislike with Fabius, but only because he was Minucius' kinsman (general of the horsemen) and thought that the ill opinion they bare to Fabius, would turn to the praise and advancement of Minucius The Senate also were much offended with Fabius, for the composition² he made with Hannibal, touching the prisoners taken of either side For it was articulated³ between them, that they should change

¹ *vanguard* vanguard, the front of an army ME *vantwarde* from OF *avant garde*

² *composition* arrangement, agreement

³ *articled* agreed

prisoners, delivering man for man, or else two hundred and fifty silver drachmas for a man, if the one chanced to have more¹ prisoners than the other. When exchange was made between them, it appeared that Hannibal had left in his hands of Roman prisoners, two hundred and forty more, than Fabius had to exchange of his. The Senate commanded there should be no money sent to redeem them, and greatly found fault with Fabius for making this accord because it was neither honourable, nor profitable for the common-weal, to redeem men that cowardly suffered themselves to be taken prisoners of their enemies. Fabius understanding it, did patiently bear this displeasure conceived against him by the Senate. Howbeit having no money, and meaning to keep his word, and not to leave the poor citizens prisoners behind him, he sent his son to Rome, with commission to sell his lands, and to bring him money immediately. The young man went his way to Rome, and sold his father's farms, and brought him money forthwith to the camp. Fabius therewith redeemed the prisoners, and sent their ransom unto Hannibal. Many of the prisoners whom he had redeemed, offered to pay him their ransom, but he would never take any thing again, and gave them all their ransom freely.

[Being required to return to Rome, Fabius left Minucius in charge of the army with instructions not to fight with the enemy. But Minucius disdained the advice and gained a slight victory. News of this reaching Rome, public opinion was turned against Fabius, who bore himself quietly and presently returned to camp. He found Minucius proud and self-determined, but his pride was shortly humbled by a serious check from Hannibal, and disaster was averted only by the timely aid of Fabius, whose nobility of soul completely overcame the self-willed Minucius.]

Minucius then being come to his camp, assembled his soldiers, and spake thus to them. My friends, not

¹ more more AS *ma*

to err at all, enterprising great matters, it is a thing passing man's nature but to take warning hereafter, by faults that are past and done, it is the part of a wise and valiant man For my self, I acknowledge I have no less occasion to praise fortune, than I have also cause to complain of her For that which long time could never teach me, I have learned by experience in one little piece of a day and that is this That I am not able to command, but am my self fitter to be governed and commanded by another and that I am but a fool to stand in mine own conceit, thinking to overcome those, of whom it is more honour for me to confess myself to be overcome Therefore I tell you, that the Dictator Fabius henceforth shall be he, who alone shall command you in all things And to let him know that we do all acknowledge the favour which we have presently received at his hands, I will lead you to give him thanks, and will my self be the first man to offer to obey him in all that he shall command me These words being spoken, he commanded his ensign bearers to follow him, and he himself marched foremost towards Fabius' camp When he came thither, he went directly to the Dictator's tent whereat every man wondered, not knowing his intent Fabius came out to meet him Minucius after he had set down his ensigns at his feet, said with a loud voice, O father and his soldiers unto Fabius' soldiers, O masters, which name the bondmen that are enfranchised, do use to them that have manumitted¹ them Afterwards every man being silent, Minucius began aloud to say unto him, My lord Dictator, this day you have won two victories The one of Hannibal, whom valiantly you have overcome the second, of my self your companion, whom also you wisdom and goodness hath vanquished. By the one, you have saved our lives and by the other, you

¹ *manumitted* set free The word is used of a slave owner in giving freedom to a slave

have wisely taught us So have we also been overcome in two sorts the one by Hannibal to our shame, and the other by your self, to our honour and preservation And therefore do I now call you my father, finding no other name more honourable to call you by, wherewith I might honour you acknowledging my self more bound unto you for the present grace and favour I have received of you, than unto my natural father that begot me For by him only I was begotten but by you, mine and all these honest citizens' lives have been saved And having spoken these words, he embraced Fabius and so did the soldiers also, heartily embrace together, and kiss one another Thus the joy was great through the whole camp, and one were so glad of another, that the tears trickled down their cheeks for joy

[The wisdom of the policy enjoined by Fabius was further seen when, the Consuls Terentius Vairo and Æmilius Paulus departing from it, the Romans were utterly defeated in the battle of Cannæ In her distress Rome placed all her confidence once more in Fabius]

Upon this occasion Rome reposed incontinently¹ all their hope and trust in Fabius, and they repaired to him for counsel, as they would have run unto some temple or altar for sanctuary So as the first and chiefest cause of staying the people together from dispersing themselves abroad, as they did when Rome was taken by the Gauls, was the only opinion² and confidence they had in Fabius' wisdom For where before he seemed to be a coward, and timorous, when there was no danger nor misfortune happened then when every man wept and cried out for sorrow, which could not help, and that all the world was so troubled that there was no order taken for any thing, he contrarily went alone up and down the city very modestly, with a bold constant countenance, speaking curteously to

¹ *incontinently* unreservedly

² *the only opinion* only the opinion

every one, and did appease their womanish cries and lamentations, and did forbid the common assemblies and fond ceremonies, of lamenting the dead corpse at their burials. Then he persuaded the Senate to assemble in council, and did comfort up those that were magistrates, and he alone was the only force and power of the city for there was not a man that bare any office, but did cast his eye upon Fabius, to know what he should do. He it was that caused the gates of the city straight to be warded,¹ and to keep those in for going their way, that would have forsaken the city. He moreover did appoint the time and place of mourning, and did command whosoever was disposed to mourn, that he should do it privately in his own house, and to continue only but thirty days. Then he willed all mourning to be left off, and that the city might be clean from such unclean things. So the feast of Ceres² falling about that time, he thought it better to leave off the sacrifices and procession they were wont to keep on Ceres' day than by their small number that were left, and sorrow of those that remained, to let their enemies understand their exceeding great loss. For the gods delight to be served with glad and rejoicing hearts, and with those that are in prosperity. But all this notwithstanding, whatsoever the priests would have done, either to pacify the wrath of the gods, or to turn away the threatenings of these sinister signs, it was forthwith done * * *. But herein the great courage and noble clemency of the Romans, is marvellously to be noted and regarded. For the Consul Terentius Varro returning back to Rome, with the shame of his extreme misfortune and overthrow, that he durst not look upon any man the Senate notwithstanding, and all the people following them, went to the gates of the city to meet him, and did honourably receive him. Nay furthermore, those

¹ warded guarded

² Ceres the goddess of agriculture and of the fruits of the earth

that were the chief magistrates and Senators, among whom Fabius was one, when silence was made, they commended Varro much because he did not despair of the preservation of the common weal after so great a calamity, but did return again to the city, to help to reduce things to order, in using the authority of the law, and the service of the citizens, as not being altogether under foot, but standing yet in reasonable terms of good recovery

But when they understood that Hannibal after the battell was gone into other parts of Italy then they began to be of good cheer again, and sent a new army and generals to the field, among which, the two chief generals were, Fabius Maximus, and Claudius Marcellus, both which by contrary means in manner, won a like glory and reputation For Marcellus (as we have declared in his life) was a man of speedy execution, of a quick hand, of a valiant nature, and a right martial man, as Homer calleth them, that valiantly put themselves in any danger by reason whereof, having to deal with another captain alike venturous and valiant as himself, in all service and execution, he shewed the self¹ boldness and courage that Hannibal did But Fabius persisting still upon his first determination, did hope that though he did not fight with Hannibal, nor stir him at all, yet continual wars would consume him and his army in the end, and bring them both to nought as a common wrestler that forceth his body above his natural strength, doth in the end become a lame and bruised man Hereupon Posidonius writeth, that the one was called the Romans' sword, and the other their target And that Fabius' constancy and resoluteness in wars to fight with security, and to commit nothing to hazard and danger, being mingled with Marcellus' heat and fury was that only, which preserved the Romans' empire For Hannibal meeting always in

¹ self same

his way the one that was furious, as a strong running stream, found that his army was continually turmoiled and overharried and the other that was slow as a little pretty river, he found that his army ran softly under him without any noise, but yet continually by little and little it did still consume and diminish him, until he saw himself at the last brought to that pass, that he was weary with fighting with Marcellus, and affraid of Fabius because he fought not For during all the time of these wars, he had ever these two captains almost against him, which were made either Prætors, Consuls, or Proconsuls for either of them both had been five times before chosen Consul Yet as for Marcellus Hannibal had laid an ambush for him in the fifth and last year of his consulship, where he set upon him of a sudden, and slew him But as for Fabius, he laid many baits for him, and did what he could by all the skill and reach he had, by ambushes, and other warlike policies to entrap him but he could never draw him within his danger

[Here follow stories of the tact and consideration with which Fabius dealt with the men who followed him to the wars By these he bound them firmly to him His wit, too, never failed him, as the story of his encounter with the governor of Tarentum, who lost that city in defending it from Hannibal, shows The story of his deference to his son, who was Consul, reveals Fabius as true to the Roman ideal of discipline]

Now there was one Marcus Livius a Roman, that was governor of Tarentum at that time, when Hannibal took it, and nevertheless kept the castell still out of Hannibal's hands, and so held it until the city came again into the hands of the Romans This Livius spited to see such honour done to Fabius, so that one day in open Senate, being drowned with envy and ambition, he burst out and said that it was himself, not Fabius, that was cause of taking of the city of Tarentum again Fabius smiling to hear him, answered him openly Indeed thou sayest true, for if thou hadst not lost it, I had never won it again

But the Romans in all other respects did greatly honour Fabius, and specially for that they chose his son Consul. He having already taken possession of his office, as he was despatching certain causes touching the wars, his father (whether it was for debility of his age, or to prove his son) took his horse to come to him and rode through the prease¹ of the people that thronged about him, having business with him. But his son seeing him coming afar off, would not suffer it, but sent an officer of his unto him, to command him to light off his horse, and to come on foot if he had anything to do with the Consul. This commandment misliked the people that heard it, and they all looked upon Fabius, but said not a word thinking with themselves, that the Consul did great wrong to his father's greatness. So he lighted straight, and went a good round pace to embrace his son, and said unto him: You have reason, son, and do well to shew over whom you command, understanding the authority of a Consul, which place you have received. For it is the direct course, by the which we and our ancestors have increased the Roman empire preferring ever the honour and state of our country, above father, mother, or children. And truly they say, that Fabius' great grandfather being the greatest and most noble person of Rome in his time, having five times been Consul, and had obtained many triumphs, for divers honourable and sundry victories he had won was contented after all these, to be his son's lieutenant, and to go to the wars with him, he being chosen Consul. And last of all, the Consul his son returning home to Rome a conqueror, in his triumphing chariot drawn with four horses, he followed him on horseback also, in troop with the rest thinking it honour to him, that having authority over his son in the right of a father, and being also the noblest man of all the citizens, so taken and reputed,

¹ prease press

nevertheless he willingly submitted himself to the law and magistrate, who had authority of him. Yet besides all this, he had far more excellent virtues to be had in admiration, than those already spoken of. But it fortune'd that this son of Fabius, died before him, whose death he took patiently, like a wise man, and a good father. Now the custom being at that time, that at the death of a nobleman, their nearest kinsman should make a funeral oration in their praise at their obsequies, he himself made the same oration in honour of his son, and did openly speak it in the market place, and moreover wrote it, and delivered it out abroad.

[Cornelius Scipio successfully concluded the conflict with Hannibal. In spite of the opinion of Fabius to the contrary, he marched into Africa and threatened Carthage herself. This necessitated Hannibal's recall from Italy to defend Carthage. Scipio fought and utterly defeated him at Zama in B.C. 202.]

Howbeit Fabius lived not to the end of this war, nor ever heard while he lived the joyful news of Hannibal's happy overthrow, neither were his years prolonged to see the happy assured prosperity of his country. For about that time that Hannibal departed out of Italy, a sickness took him, whereof he died. The stories declare, that the Thebans buried Epaminondas, at the common charges of the people, because he died in so great poverty, that when he was dead, they found nothing in the house but a little iron spit. Now the Romans buried not Fabius so, at the common charge of the city, but every man of benevolence gave towards his funeral charges, a piece of coin that carried the least value of their current money, not for that he lacked ability to bring him to the ground, but only to honour his memory in making his obsequies at their charges, as of one that had been their common father. So had his virtuous life, an honourable end and burial.

JOHN DAVIS (? 1550—1605)

Voyage in search of the North-West Passage

The age of Elizabeth was eminently one of adventure. Intrepid seamen, bold navigators were ever in search of new lands, new routes for reaching older known lands.

John Davis, in the years 1585-7, made three voyages in search of what he and other mariners imagined would prove to be a short and speedy passage to the South Seas, to China, Malacca, the Philippines, and India. In this attempt to discover by northerly navigation a route to the South Seas quicker than the known route *via* Cape of Good Hope, Davis explored the strait between Greenland and North America now named after him.

In my first voyage not experienced of the nature of those climates, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certain relation in what altitude¹ that passage was to be searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groenland,² five hundred leagues distant from the Durseys,³ West north west Northerly, the land being very high and full of mighty mountains all covered with snow, no view of wood, grass, or earth to be seen, and the shore two leagues off into the sea so full of ice as that no shipping could by any means come near the same. The loathsome view of the shore, and irksome noise of the ice was such that it bred strange conceits³ among us, so that we supposed the place to be waste and void of any sensible or vegetable creature, whereupon I called the same Desolation, so coasting this shore towards the south in the latitude of sixty

¹ altitude height of latitude What is meant by high and low latitudes?

² the Durseys Dursey Isle and Dursey Head—the extreme south-west of Ireland What do you gather from this as to the situation of the port from which Davis set sail? Trace the ship's course by means of a map

³ conceits thoughts—the usual meaning at this time

degrees, I found it to trend towards the west I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fifty or sixty degrees it failed and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirty leagues sailing upon the west side of this coast by me named desolation, we were past all the ice and found many green and pleasant isles bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the main were still covered with great quantities of snow I brought my ship among those isles, and there moored to refresh ourselves in our weary travel, in the latitude of sixty-four degrees or there about The people of the country having espied our ships came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the sun and crying Yliaout, would strike their breasts, we doing the like, the people came aboard our ships, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions, by whom, as signs would permit, we understood that towards the north and west there was a great sea, and using the people with kindness in giving them nails and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from ice, supposing ourselves to be past all danger, we shaped our course west northwest, thinking thereby to pass for China, but in the latitude of sixty-six degrees, we fell with an other shore, and there found another passage of twenty leagues broad directly west into the same, which we supposed to be our hoped strait We entered into the same thirty or forty leagues, finding it neither to widen nor straighten, then, considering that the year was spent,¹ for this was the fine² of August, and not knowing the length of this strait and dangers thereof, we took it our best course to return with notice of our good success for this small time of search

¹ the year was spent the season during which navigation could be carried on was nearly over

² fine finis, end

And so returning in a sharp fret of westerly winds, the 29th September we arrived at Dartmouth¹. And acquainting master Secretary with the rest of the honourable and worshipful adventurers of all our proceedings, I was appointed again the second year to search the bottom of this strait, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by which we laboured for

In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the west became adventurers² in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for six months, and having direction to search these straits until we found the same to fall into another sea upon the west side of this part of America, we should again return, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely be conveyed to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and arriving unto the south part of the coast of desolation, coasted the same upon his west shore to the latitude of sixty-six degrees, and there anchored among the isles bordering upon the same, where we refreshed ourselves. The people of this place came likewise unto us, by whom I understood through their signs that towards the north the sea was large.

At this place the chief ship whereupon I trusted, called the Mermaid of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceed she there forsook me. Then considering how I had given my faith and most constant promise to my worshipful good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest adventurer in that action, and took such care for the performance thereof that he hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any five others what-

¹ **Dartmouth** Davis was born in a village near . . . The small western ports took a large share in furnishing both men and ships for the Armada, and for voyages of adventure and discovery in these times, e.g. Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh

² **adventurers** What is meant by "adventurers" here?

soever out of his own purse, when some of the company have been slack in giving in their adventure And also knowing that I should lose the favour of M Secretary Walsingham if I should shrink from his direction, in one small bark of thirty tons whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and arriving at these straits followed the same eighty leagues, until I came among many islands, where the water did ebb and flow six fathom upright, and where there had been great trade of people to make train¹ But by such things as there we found we knew that they were not Christians of Europe that had used that trade, in fine, by searching with our boat we found small hope to pass any farther that way, and therefore returning again recovered the sea and coasted the shore towards the south, and in so doing (for it was too late to search towards the north) we found another great inlet near forty leagues broad where the water entered in with violent swiftness This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt the north parts of America are all islands by ought that I could perceive therein, but because I was alone in a small bark of thirty tons and the year spent, I entered not into the same, for it was now the seventh of September, but coasting the shore towards the south we saw an incredible number of birds Having divers fishermen aboard our bark they all concluded that there was a great skull² of fish We being unprovided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nail made a hook, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lines, before the bait was changed we took more than forty great cods, the fish swimming so abundantly thick about our bark as is incredible to be reported, of which with a small

¹ *train* train-oil—oil extracted from the blubber of whales by boiling

² *skull* shoal

portion of salt that we had preserved some thirty couple or thereabouts, and so returned for England And having reported to M Secietary Walsingham the whole success of this attempt, he commanded me to present unto the most honourable Lord High Treasurer of England some part of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and heard at large the relation of this second attempt, I received favourable countenance from his honour, advising me to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceived a very good opinion The next year, although divers of the adventurers fell from the action, as all the western merchants and most of those in London, yet some of the adventurers both honourable and worshipful continued their willing favour and charge, so that by this means the next year two ships were appointed for the fishing and one pinnace for the discovery

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful favour I arrived at the place of fishing, and there, according to my direction I left the two ships to follow that business, taking their faithful promise not to depart until my return unto them, which should be in the fine of August, and so in the bark I proceeded for the discovery, but after my departure in sixteen days the ships had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise Myself, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded for the discovery and followed my course in the free and open sea between north and north west, to the latitude of 67 degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and desolation east, then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prove but a gulf Notwithstanding, desirous to know the full certainty, I proceeded, and in 68 degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the western shore, thus I continued to the latitude of 73 degrees in a great sea, free from ice, coasting

the western shore of desolation. The people came continually rowing out unto me in their canoes, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would give me fishes dried, salmon, salmon peal, cod, caplin, lump, stonebase, and such like, besides divers kinds of birds, as partridge, pheasant, gulls, sea birds, and other kinds of flesh. I still laboured by signs to know from them what they knew of any sea towards the north, they still made signs of a great sea as we understood them, then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the north parts of America. And after I had sailed towards the west 40 leagues I fell upon a great bank of ice, the wind being north and blew much, I was constrained to coast the same toward the south, not seeing any shore west from me, neither was there any ice towards the north, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth. So coasting towards the south I came to the place where I had left the ships to fish, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distress, referring myself to the merciful providence of God, I shaped my course for England, and unhopèd for of any, God alone relieving me, I arrived at Dartmouth. By this last discovery it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment toward the north, but by reason of the Spanish fleet¹ and unfortunate time of M. Secretary's death, the voyage was omitted and never sithins² attempted.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554—1586)

Arcadia (about 1579)

Sidney's *Arcadia* is a pastoral romance. It consists of an intricate love-story intermixed with poems. Its prose is melodious, but elaborate and artificial. The book was immensely

¹ *Spanish fleet* What event is here referred to?

² *sithins* since, the old form of spelling

popular, and its influence on the literature of the period was considerable. The prayer of Pamela, one of the heroines of the story, spoken during her imprisonment, was a favourite prayer of Charles I., and was made famous by the fact that Charles's said to have used it just before his execution.

PAMELA'S PRAYER

"O All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned, look upon my misery with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to Thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by Thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of Thy justice. But yet, my God, if, in Thy wisdom, this be the aptest chastisement for my inexcusable folly, if this low bandage be fitted for my over high desires, if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of Thee: let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of Thee, since even that proceeds from Thee, let me crave, even by the noblest title which in my great affliction I may give myself, that I am Thy creature, and by Thy goodness, which is Thyself, that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on Thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue, let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction. Let my greatness be their prey, let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge, let them, if so it seem good unto Thee, vex me with more and more punishment, but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

SONNET ON SLEEP—LOVE'S DIRGE 45

Sonnet on Sleep

This sonnet is taken from *Astrophel and Stella*, the sonnet-sequence to which Sidney rightly owes his fame as a poet

Come, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The bating-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ,
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ,
O make in me those civil wars to cease ,
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head ,
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see

Love's Dirge

Ring out your bells, let mourning shews be spread ;
For Love is dead

All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep , do you not hear it said
That Love is dead ?

His death-bed, peacock's folly ,
His winding-sheet is shame ,
His will, false-seeming holy ,
His sole executor, blame
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,

From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals¹ rightly read,
For Love is dead ,

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart ,
Which epitaph containeth,
" Her eyes were once his dart "

From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female fienzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie 1 age hath this error bred ,
Love is not dead ,

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find

Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

RICHARD BARNFIELD (1574—1627)

As it fell upon a Day

This poem was long attributed to Shakespeare, and is by no means unworthy of his pen. It occurs in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a miscellany of 1599. Barnfield's other poems are sonnets and pastorals of no great merit.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,

¹ **trentals** offices for the dead, consisting of thirty masses, sung on thirty different days

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone ,
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity ,
" Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry ,
" Teru, teru ! " by and by ,
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ,
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
None takes pity on thy pain
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee
King Pandion he is dead ,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ,
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing
[Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me]
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery
Words are easy, like the wind ,
Faithfull friends are hard to find
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ,
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
" Pity but he were a king , "

If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice ,
 If to women he be bent,
 They have at commandement
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown ,
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ,
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ,
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe

SIR EDWARD DYER (? 1550—1607)

My Mind to me a Kingdom is

Dyer was a courtier and a statesman, a valued friend of Sidney, and a poet remembered as the author of one poem only

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave

 No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye ,
 To none of these I yield as thrall
 For why? My mind doth serve for all

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall ,
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ,
 They get with toil, they keep with fear ,
 Such cares my mind could never bear
 Content to live, this is my stay ,
 I seek no more than may suffice ,
 I press to bear no haughty sway
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring
 Some have too much, yet still do crave ,
 I little have, and seek no more
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store
 They poor, I rich , they beg, I give ,
 They lack, I leave , they pine, I live
 I laugh not at another's loss ,
 I grudge not at another's pain ,
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ,
 My state at one doth still remain
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ,
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end
 Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ,
 Their treasure is their only trust ,
 A cloaked craft their store of skill
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind
 My wealth is health and perfect ease
 My conscience clear my chief defence ,
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence
 Thus do I live , thus will I die ,
 Would all did so as well as I !

EDMUND SPENSER (1552—1598)

The Shepheardes Calender (1579)

FEBRUARIE

This, the second of the twelve poems or "Eclogues" which comprise *The Shepheardes Calender*, contains the story of the Oak and the Briar, a fable told with much force and humour, and having an obvious moral to which "disdainful youngers" should give good heed. Edward Kirke thus relates the argument of the poem: "It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustnesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardman's boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and fieseth the wetherbeaten flesh with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare."

CUDDIE

Ah for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage
 These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryde.¹
 My ragged rontes² all shiver and shake,
 As doen high Towers in an earthquake
 They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle³ tayles,
 Perke⁴ as a Peacock, but now it avales⁵

THENOT

Lewdly⁶ complainest thou, laesie⁷ ladde,
 Of Wintes wracke⁸ for making thee sadde
 Must not the world wend in his commun course,

¹ gryde pierced
² rontes young bullocks
³ wrigle wriggling
⁴ perke pert, vain

⁵ avales falls, is lowered, droops
⁶ lewdly foolishly
⁷ laesie lazy
⁸ wracke violence, ruin

From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
 From worse unto that is woist of all,
 And then returne to his former fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
 Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
 Some in much joy, many in many teares,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
 Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
 Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently tooke that ungently came,
 And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
 Winter or Sommer they mought well faie

CUDDIE

No marvelc, Thenot, if thou can beare,
 Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare,¹
 For Age and Winter accord full nie,
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye,
 And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
 So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne
 But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost

THENOT

The soveraigne of seas² he blames in vaine,
 That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe
 So loytring live you little heardgroomes,³
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes.
 And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen⁴ the Spring is come attonce,

¹ cheare countenance.

² The soveraigne of seas Neptune, the Ocean Deity

³ heardgroomes herdsman

⁴ deemen This old form of the plural was archaic in Spenser's time, but Spenser was intentionally imitating Chaucer, and unfortunately he attempted to imitate his language and to use some of his obsolete words. Note, below, *accused*, *surquedrie*, and *bene* (third plural present of *de*)

Tho¹ gynne you, fond flyes¹ the cold to scoine,
 And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,
 But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme² Winter with chamfred³ browes,
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
 Drerily shooting his stormy daite,
 Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte
 Then is your carelesse corage accoied,⁴
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,⁵
 With weeping, and wayling, and misery

CUDDIE

Ah, foolish old man¹ I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee
 Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee
 Or sicker⁶ thy head veray tottie⁷ is,
 So on thy corbe⁸ shoulder it leanes amisse
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
 Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp,
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline
 Tho wouldest thou learne to carroll of Love,
 And hery⁹ with hymnes thy lasses glove,
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse,
 But Phyllis is myne for many dayes
 I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
 Embost with buegle about the belt
 Such an one shepheards would make full faine,
 Such an one would make thee younge againe

¹ tlio then² breme chill, bitter³ chamfred wrinkled⁴ accoied subdued, tamed⁵ surquedrie. pride, presumption.⁶ sicker surely⁷ tottie tottering, unsteady⁸ corbe crooked⁹ hery worship, praise

I THENOT

Thou art a fon¹ of thy love to boste ,
All that is lent to love wyll be lost

CUDDIE

Seest howe biag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares ?
His hornes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
His dewlap as lythe² as lasse of Kent
See howe he venteth³ into the wynd ,
Weenest of love is not his mynd ?⁴
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,⁵
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan ,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost
Thy Ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags⁶ ,
The rather Lambes⁷ bene starved with cold,
All for them Maister is lustlesse and old

THENOT

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely tadvauce thy headlesse hood ,
For youngth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildeinesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoope-gallaunt Age, the host of Greevaunce
But shal I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus⁸ in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent ?

¹ a fon a fool

² lythe soft and gentle

³ venteth snuffeth

⁴ Weenest "Think you that he has not his mind towards love ?"

⁵ can in its old sense of *knows* Seemeth is impersonal = it seems

⁶ crags necks

⁷ The rather Lambes the early lambs *Rather* is comparative of an old adjective, *rathe*, used by Milton in *Lycidas*, where he speaks of "the rathe primrose"

⁸ Tityrus Chaucer

CUDDIE

To nought moie, Thenot, my mind is bent
 Then to heare novells of his devise,
 They bene so well-thewed,¹ and so wise,
 What ever that good old man bespake

THENOT

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of love, and some of chevalrie,
 But none fitter then this to applie
 Now listen a while and hearken the end
 There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
 A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of then leaves they were disarayde
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight²
 Thoroughly looted, and of wonderous hight,
 Whilome had bene the King of the field,
 And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
 And with his nuts larded many swine
 But now the gray mosse married his rine,
 His bared boughes were beaten with stoimes,
 His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
 His honor decayed, his biauanches sere

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
 Which proudly thrust into Thelement,³
 And seemed to threat the Firmament
 It was embellisht with blossomes fayie,
 And thereto eye wonned⁴ to repayie
 And shepheards daughteis to gather flowres
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres,
 And in his small bushes used to shiowde
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde,

¹ well-thewed abounding in moral wisdom

² pight fixed, pitched Cf *pyghle*, a hurdle

³ Thelement the element, the air

⁴ wonned were wont

Which made this foolish Biere wexe so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old
 "Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
 Nor for fruct nor for shadowe serves thy stocke,
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,
 With leaves engrained in lusty greene,
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks¹ the beauty of my blossomes rownd
 The mouldie moss, which thee accloie²,
 My Sinamon smell too much annoie³
 Wherefore soone I rede³ thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove"
 So spake this bold biere with great disdain
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
 But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,⁴
 That of a weede he was overcrawed

Yt chaunced after upon a day,
 The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to surweye his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd
 Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne stiffe
 "O, my liege Lord! the God of my life!
 Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliant's plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your pooore Vassall dayly endure,
 And, but your goodnes the same re-cure,
 Am like for desperate doole⁵ to dye,
 Through felonous force of mine enemye"

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,

¹. dirks darkens

² accloie² encumbereth

³ rede. advise

⁴ adawed daunted, confounded

⁵ doole grief

And badde the Breie in his plaint proceede
 With painted words tho gan this proud weede
 (As most usen Ambitious folke)
 His colowred ¹ crime with craft to cloke
 " Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land ,
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,²
 And scarlot berries in Sommer time ?
 How falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire ,
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight ?
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde ,
 Untimely my flowies forced to fall,
 That bene the honor of your Coronall ³
 And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
 Upon my braunches,*to worke me more spight ,
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where-with my fiesh flowretts bene defast
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right ,
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greevance "

To this the Oake cast him to reple
 Well as he couth , but his enemye
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde⁴ stay his leasure,

¹ colowred deceitful

² the prime spring time Note the meaning of *primrose*

³ Coronall garland

⁴ noulde would not, as is usual in Old and Middle English
 Cf. our phrase, *willy nilly*

But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent ¹ in hand,
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he spedeth,
 (Ay little helpe to haime there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter ² his rage mought cooled bee,
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
 And made many wounds in the wast Oake
 The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine,
 Semed, the sencelesse yon dyd feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear,
 For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,³
 And often halowed with holy-water dewe
 But sike fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this miserye,
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did laye,
 The blocke oft groned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his neare overthrow
 In fine, the steele had pierced his pitth,
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake —
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce,
 But all this glee had no continuaunce,
 For eftsones ⁴ Winter gan to approche,
 The blustering Boreas ⁵ did encroche,

¹ hent caught

² Enaunter lest

³ priestes crewe the priest's vessel of holy water

⁴ eftsones soon

⁵ Boreas the north wind.

And beate upon the solitarie Brere ,
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere,
 Now gan he repent his pryde to late ,
 For, naked left and disconsolate,
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
 And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
 That nowe upright he can stand no moie ,
 And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt
 Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
 For scorning Eld—

CUDDIE

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tell it not forth
 Here is a long tale, and little worth
 So longe have I listened to thy speche,
 That graffed to the ground is my breche ,
 My heart-blood is wel nigh fiorne, I feele,
 And my galage¹ growne fast to my heele ,
 But little ease of thy lewd² tale I tasted
 Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted

The Faerie Queene (1589)

BOOK II CANTO VII

*Guyon³ finds Mamon in a delve
 Sunning his treasure hore ,
 Is by him tempted, and led downe
 To see his secreete store*

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast staire his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,⁴
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,

¹ galage a wooden shoe

² lewd foolish

³ Sir Guyon is the central character of the Second Book, and in his quest represents Temperance

⁴ yblent confused, obscured

Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maysters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steddy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly
 So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes
 So, long he yode,¹ yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes²,
 For still he traveld through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wilderness shew ed all around
 At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heaven's
 light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,³
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight,
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have been seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard
 His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle⁴ and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes⁵ and wyld ymagery,
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,⁶
 And turned upside downe, to feed . his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge thred⁶ . . y

¹ yode went² reedes thinks³ wight creature Mammon is here described⁴ entayle ornamental work cut on gold⁵ antickes quaint figures⁶ told counted.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers¹ devouring element,
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great Ingowes and to wedges square,
 Some in round plates withouten monument²,
 But most were stamp't, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars³ straunge and
 rare

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde,
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull
 sayd

"What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hils of welth dost hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her sight us-
 aunce?"

Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdaine he answered "Hardy Elfe,
 That darest view my direfull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious
 pelfe

"God of the world¹ and worldlings I me call,
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye,

¹ Mulciber Vulcan, the Fire god ² monument inscription.
³ kesars Cæsars emperours

Riches, renowne, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck¹ and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have then cternall blood
 "Wherefore, if me thou deigne to seive and sew,
 At thy command lo¹ all these mountaines bee
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be nombred francke and free"
 "Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee,
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine
 "Me ill besits, that in dei-doing² armes
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend,
 Regard of wouldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend
 Faire shields, gay steeds, bright armes be my
 delight,
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight"
 "Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, "doest not thou
 weet³
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
 meet,
 It can purvay in twinkling of an eye,
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lye,
 And him that raigned into his rowme thrust adowne,
 And whom I lust⁴ do heape with glory and renowne?"

¹ swinck labour² dei-doing. dare doing³ weet know⁴ lust. like, take pleasure in

" All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse,
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishesse,
 Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse,
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise,
 Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
 That noble heart as great dishonour doth despise

" Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline
 Witnesse the guiltlesse blood poud oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull govern-
 ment

" Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
 That private state, and make the life unsweet
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet"
 Then Mammon waxing wroth, " And why then,"
 sayd,
 " Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd?"

" Indeede," quoth he, " through fowle intemperaunce,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise,
 But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluties they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes,
 At the well-head the purest streames arise,

But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes¹

"The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his² Creators grace,
But with glad thankes, and unreproued, truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace,
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacriledge to dig Therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd,
Then avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire"

"Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage,
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse"

"Me list not," said the Elfin knight, "receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be lott,
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods ~~become~~
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,

¹ accloyes encumbers

² his its, as frequently, the neuter form of the possessive only
became *its* later

Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott"¹
 "Perdy,"² quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
 Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew"³
 From heavens sight, and powre of al which them
 poursew."

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne,⁴ that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
 "Come thou," quoth he, "and see" So by and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
 And was with dread and horior compassed arownd
 At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did tiae,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne⁵
 By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife,
 The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten
 life

On thother side in one consort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place wher safe he shroud him might

¹ ~~blott~~ stained, defamed.

² ~~perdy~~ par Dieu—a common oath

³ ~~mew~~ prison, cage

⁴ ~~wonne~~ dwelling

⁵ ~~rayne~~ kingdom Observe, in the lines following, Spenser's
 impressive description of the denizens of this region

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye,
And shame his ugly face did hide from living eye

And over them sad horior with grim hew
Did alwaies soie, beating his yron wings,
And after him Owles and Night- Ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings,
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte,
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought,
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next,
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his house is unto his annext
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
betwext

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and affoorded way
Him followed eke Sir Guyon overmore,
Ne darknesse him, ne daunger might dismay
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way

Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend, moire fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalcke behind stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept

Well hoped hee, ere long that haidy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untie,
 Should be his pray And therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cuell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe ¹ him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his iavenous pawes,
 If ever he transgiest the fatall Stygian ² lawes

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
 And with rich metall loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat,
 And over them Arachne ³ high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
 then Jett

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof, for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
 Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,
 Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad affright

¹ doe make, cause

² Stygian belonging to the under-world, of which Styx is one of the rivers

³ Arachne the spider The allusion is to the cobwebs which are usually found in vaults

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong
 On every side they placed were along,
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
 Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And then vile carcases now left unburied

They forward passe, ne Guyon yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eie of man did never see before,
 Ne euer could within one place be fownd,
 Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
 And that above were added to that under grownd

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend
 Then Mammon, turning to that wairiour, said
 "Loe! here the worldes blis loe! here the end,
 To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid"

"Certes," (sayd he) "I n'll¹ thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end
 To them that list these base regards I lend
 But I in armes, and in atchievements biae,
 Do rather choose my fitting houres to spend,
 And to be Lord of those that riches have,
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave"

¹ I n'll I will not (to have), I have no desire for

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray,
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay ¹
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light than culver ² in the faulcons fist
 Eternall God thee save from such decay ¹
 But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
 To him did open, as it had beene taught
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
 And hundred founaces all burning bright
 By every founace many feendes did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame,
 Another did the dying bronds repayre
 With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
 Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat
 Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came,
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat

But, when an earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their wnot worke they did themselves with-
 draw
 To wonder at the sight, for till that day,
 They never creature saw that came that way
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre

¹ assay attempt² culver a dove

And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That, were it not for shame, he would retyre ,
 Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and
 syre

" Behold, thou Facies sonne, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
 To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
 Proceeded, lo ! now is reveald to thee
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood "

" Suffise it then, thou money god " (quoth he)
 " That all thine ydle offers I refuse
 All that I need I have , what needeth mee
 To covet more then I have cause to use ?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vile abuse
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise " ¹
 Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse ²
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise ³
 And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise

He brought him through a darksom narrow strayt
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold
 The gate was open , but therein did wait
 A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
 As if the highest God defie he would
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
 To be so cald, and who so did him call

¹ emprise . undertaking

² no'te he chuse he knew not how to choosce

³ mesprise . contempt

Steine was his looke, and full of stomacke¹ vayne,
 His portauce² terrible, and statui^c tall,
 Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
 Like an huge gyant of the Titans³ race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface
 Moie fitt amongst black fiendes then men to have his
 place

Soone as those glitterand aimes he did espye,
 That with their bightnesse made that darke light,
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight,
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counsell him abstaine from perillous fight
 For nothing might abash the villen bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould

So having him with reason pacifyde,
 And that fiers carle⁴ commaunding to forbeare,
 He brought him in The rowme was large and
 wyde,
 As it some gyeld⁵ or solemne temple weare
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes, and diademes, and titles vaine,
 Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did
 rayne

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under skye,
 Which with great uprore preaced⁶ to draw nere
 To th' upper part, where was advaunced hie

¹stomacke pride The stomach was regarded as the seat of courage

²portauce bearing

³Titans sons of the Faith and Heaven, overcome by Zeus

⁴carle churl, fellow

⁵gyeld guild, guild-house

⁶preaced thronged

A stately siege of soveraine majesty,
 And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of loyalty,
 That never earthly prince in such array
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde display

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see,
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call,
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and view
 She by creation was, till she did fall,
 Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime
 withall

There, as in glistening glory she did sitt,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked¹ well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell,
 And all that piece did rownd about her swell
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell
 That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,²
 And every linck thereof a step of dignity

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flattery,
 Others through friendes, others for base regard,
 And all by wrong wayes, for themselves prepar'd
 Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne sufficed them to rise or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw

¹ **ylincked** Note the prefix which indicates the past participle. This is another of Spenser's archaisms. If you know German, recall the past participle of any common German verb.

² **to sty** to mount, rise

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that pice about that ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspyre
 Him Mammon answered, " That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention
 Do flock about, my deare my daughter is
 Honour and dignitie from her alone
 Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
 For which ye men doe strive, few gett, but many mis
 " And faire Philotime¹ she rightly hight,²
 The fairest wight that wonneth³ under skye,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horror and deformitie,
 Worthy of heaven and hye felicitie,
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust
 But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
 That she may thee advance for workes and merites
 just "

" Gramercy, Mammon " (said the gentle knight)
 " For so great grace and offred high estate,
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate
 Myselfe well wote, and mine unequall fate
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
 And love avowd to other lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might
 To chaunge love causelesse⁴ is repioch to warlike
 knight "

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath,
 Yet forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished

¹ Philotime a Greek name meaning " love of honour "

² hight is called

³ wonneth dwelleth

⁴ causelesse without reason What part of speech is it ?

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
redd

Not such as eath out of her fruitfull woomb

Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,

But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,

Fitt to adorne the dead, and decke the dreiy toombe

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store,

And trees of bitter gall, and heben¹ sad,

Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,

Cold coloquintida,² and tetra³ mad,⁴

Mortall samnitis,⁵ and cicuta⁶ bad,

With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy

Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad

Pourd out his life and last philosophy

To the faine Critias, his dearest belamy⁷

The gardin of Proserpina⁸ this hight,

And in the midst thereof a silver seat,

With a thicke arber goodly over-dight,

In which she often usd from open heat

Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat

Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,

With braunches broad dispredd and body great,

Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,

And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,

That goodly was their glory to behold

On eath like never grew, ne living wight

Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold,

¹ heben ebony

² coloquintida the colocynth, or bitter gourd

³ tetra deadly nightshade

⁴ mad so described because it was supposed to cause madness

⁵ samnitis a plant which cannot be identified It had "mortal,"

⁶ cicuta deadly, qualities

⁷ belamy a good friend Fr *bel amz*

⁸ Proserpina wife of Pluto, the lord of the Under-world

For those, which Hercules¹ with conquest bold
 Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold,
 And those, with which th' Eubœan young man²
 wan

Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,³
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which emongst the gods false Ate⁴ threw,
 For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
 Till partiaall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed
 The warlike Elfe⁵ much wondred at this tree,
 So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,

¹ Hercules . got the eleventh of the twelve labours Hercules was required by the Delphic oracle to perform at the bidding of Eurystheus

² th' Eubœan young man Melemon He won Atalanta, the swiftest of mortals, who made it the condition of marriage that her suitor should win a race with her, by throwing before her one by one as she began to outpace him, three golden apples given him for the purpose by Aphrodite Atalanta succumbed to the temptation, and thrice stayed to pick up the apples and so lost the race

³ Acontius got his lover trew The story of Acontius and Cydippe is as follows The two had come at the same time to a festival of Artemis at Delos As Cydippe sat in the temple of Artemis the youth, who was in love with her, threw at her feet an apple on which he had written the words, "By Artemis I swear that I will wed Acontius" She picked up the apple and read aloud the words, then threw it from her and took no notice of the youth or his addresses But Artemis heard the vow and brought about the wedding

⁴ false Ate Spenser refers to the story of Eris, the goddess of discord (he wrongly mentions Ate) Eris was the only one among the gods not invited to the marriage of Peleus and Thetis In revenge, she appeared unasked, and threw an apple among the guests inscribed "For the Fairest" The quarrel that ensued between Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite for the prize of beauty was decided by Paris in favour of Aphrodite, who in return secured him the possession of Helen, whence sprang the Trojan war "that many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed"

⁵ The warlike Elfe Guyon

And his broad braunches, laden with rich fec,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great garden, compact with a mound
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,
 That is the river of Cocytus¹ deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
 Plonged continually of cruell sprights,
 That with their piteous cries, and yelling shrightes,²
 They made the further shore resounden wide
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
 One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the buncke
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke,
 The whiles he steiv'd with hunger, and with diouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth

The knight him sceing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby
 Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe,
 "Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo¹ Tantalus, I here tormented lye
 Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee,
 Lo¹ here I now for want of food doe dye
 But if that thou be such as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee"

¹ Cocytus one of the rivers of the lower world

² shrightes shrieks

"Nay, nay, thou greedie Tantalus¹" (quoth he)
 "Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state"
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of injustice, there to let him dye

He lookt a little further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent²
 Within the river, which the same did hyde
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extant,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowles seemed to the eye,
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industry

The knight him calling asked who he was,
 Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus,
 "I Pilate am the falsest judge, alas!
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous,
 The whiles my handes I washt in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was soyl'd with foule iniquitie"

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,

¹ Tantalus once the favourite of the gods, by overbearing and
 misdemeanour he lost their favour and was thrown into hell. His
 punishment was to suffer unappeased hunger and thirst as here described
 From his name we derive the word *tantalise*

² drent drowned.

In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake, "Thou fearfull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy wearie person in the shadow coole?"

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In fiayle intemperance through sinfull bayt,
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait,
But he was waiie wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray,
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray

And now he has so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and wan,
For want of food and sleepe, which two upheare,
Like mightie pillours, this fiayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardie enterprize began
For-thy¹ great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay,
For lenger time, then that, no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay
So backe againe him brought to living light
But all so soone as his enfeebled spight
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest

For-thy therefore.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564—1593)

Edward II. (1593)

In *Edward II*, written in his last years, Marlowe reaches his highest point as a dramatist. Already he had won the victory of blank verse over rhyme as the medium for dramatic expression, already he had proved the mighty power of his glowing imagination; already he had produced masterpieces of English verse, but none of his plays had so far displayed that restraint, that subordination of parts to the whole, that regard for the action of the piece, in a word, that architectural quality so necessary to the making of a perfect drama. *Edward II* reveals more completely than any other of Marlowe's works the true instinct of the dramatist, and in it we discover his fast-ripening powers in the dramatic art. It is the first great example in the English language of the historical drama. Shakespeare's *Richard II* bears close resemblance to it in many respects. But, whatever they might have become if he had lived beyond thirty, Marlowe's plays, as they stand, are great chiefly by the concentrated power and passion of individual scenes. In the present play, for example, we see the king in his weakness, his infatuation for his scheming favourites, his neglect of his queen, at length in the last act brought to bay, alone and helpless, to become the prey of his disappointed barons. His death-scene has been described by Lamb as the most moving tragic scene in English literature. In giving only the last act of *Edward II*, we are displaying Marlowe at his best.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I—*Kentworth Castle*

Enter KING EDWARD, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL

Leices Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity

K. Edw Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.

The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
 But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
 Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds,
 But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
 And highly scorning that the lowly earth
 Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air
 And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
 The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
 And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
 That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison,
 For such outrageous passions clove my soul,
 As with the wings of rancour and disdain
 Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,
 To plain me¹ to the gods against them both
 But when I call to mind I am a king,
 Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
 That Mortimer and Isabel have done
 But what are kings, when regiment² is gone,
 But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
 My nobles rule, I bear the name of king,
 I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
 Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
 To company my heart with sad laments,
 That bleeds within me for this strange exchange
 But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
 To make usurping Mortimer a king?

B of Win Your grace mistakes, it is for England's
 good,

And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

K Edw No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head,
 For he's a lamb, encompass'd by wolves,
 Which in a moment will abridge his life
 But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
 Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!

¹ To plain me to make my complaint

² regiment sovereignty, rule.

Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,¹
 Engirt the temples of his hateful head ,
 So shall not England's vine be perished,
 But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies
Leices My lord, why waste you thus the time away ?
 They stay your answer , will you yield your crown ?
K Edw Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can
 brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause ,
 To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
 That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
 In which extreme my mind here murdered is
 But what the heavens appoint, I must obey !
 Here, take my crown , the life of Edward too ,
[Taking off the crown]

Two kings in England cannot reign at once
 But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown ,
 So shall my eyes receive their last content,
 My head, the latest honour due to it,
 And jointly both yield up their wished right
 Continue ever thou celestial sun ,
 Let never silent night possess this clime
 Stand still you watches of the element² ,
 All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
 That Edward may be still fair England's king !
 But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
 And needs I must resign my wished crown
 Inhuman creatures ! nursed with tiger's milk !
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow !
 My diadem I mean, and guiltless life
 See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again !
[He puts on the crown]
 What, fear you not the fury of your king ?

¹ *Tisiphon* one of the Furies who were the ministers of divine vengeance upon mankind She was represented with a whip in her hand, and serpents wreathed her head and arms

² *element* sky

But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly¹ led,
 They pass not² for thy frowns as late they did,
 But seek to make a new-elected king,
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,
 And in this torment comfort find I none,
 But that I feel the crown upon my head,
 And therefore let me wear it yet awhile

Trus My lord, the parliament must have present³
 news,

And therefore say, will you resign or no?

[*The King rageth*]

K Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live be king
 Traitors, be gone! and join you with Mortimer!
 Elect, conspire, install, do what you will —
 Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!

B of Win This answer we'll return, and so
 farewell [Going with Trussel]

Leices Call them again, my lord, and speak them
 fair,

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right

K Edw Call thou them back, I have no power to
 speak

Leices My lord, the king is willing to resign

B of Win If he be not, let him choose

K Edw O would I might! but heavens and earth
 conspire

To make me miserable! Here receive my crown,

Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime

He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be called the murderer of a king,

Take it! What, are you moved? pity you me?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,

¹ fondly foolishly ² pass not care not ³ present immediate

Here, here ! *[Gives the crown]*

Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronized in Heaven !
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself

B of Win My lord—

K Edw Call me not lord, away—out of my sight
Ah, pardon me grief makes me lunatic !
Let not that Mortimer protect my son,
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and died again with sighs,

[Gives a handkerchief]

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I Yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency ?

Trus And thus most humbly do we take our leave

[Exeunt the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and TRUSSEL]

K Edw Farewell, I know the next news that
they bring
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men, death is felicity

Enter BERKELEY, who gives a paper to LEICESTER

Leices Another post ! what news brings he ?

K Edw Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley,
come,

And tell thy message to my naked breast

Berk My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth
—To do your highness service and devoir,¹
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die

¹ *devoir* duty

Leice. My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you,
my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw. [*taking the paper*] By Mortimer, whose
name is written here!

Well may I rent his name that rends my heart!

[*I tears it*]
This poor revenge has something eased my mind
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Here me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley
straight

K. Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leice. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be
cruel?

K. Edw. I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

Leice. Not yet, my lord, I'll bear you on your way
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—*The Royal Palace, London*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and YOUNG MORTIMER

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brained king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,

And gripe the soer, being griped himself
 Think therefore, madam, that imports us much
 To erect your son with all the speed we may,
 And that I be protector over him,
 For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
 Whenas a king's name shall be under writ

Q Isab Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
 Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
 And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
 Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
 Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
 And I myself will willingly subscribe

Y Mor First would I hear news he were deposed,
 And then let me alone to handle him

Enter Messenger

Letters! from whence?

Mess From Killingworth, my lord

Q Isab How fares my lord the king?

Mess In health, madam, but full of pensiveness

Q Isab Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his
 grief!

Enter the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER with the crown

Thanks, gentle Winchester [*To the Messenger*] Sirrah,
 be gone [*Exit Messenger*]

B of Win The king hath willingly resigned his
 crown

Q Isab O happy news! send for the prince, my
 son.

B of Win Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord
 Berkeley came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
 And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
 — To set his brother free, no more but so
 The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful.

As Leicester that had charge of him before

Q Isab Then let some other be his guardian.

Y Mor Let me alone, here is the privy seal

[*Exit the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER*]

Who's there?—Call hither Gurney and Matrevis

[*To Attendants within*]

To dash¹ the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,²

Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed,

And none but we shall know where he lieth,

Q Isab But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y Mor Speak, shall he presently³ be despatched
and die?

Q Isab I would he were, so 'twere not by my means

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Y Mor Enough—

Matrevis, write a letter presently³

Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself

That he resign the king to thee and Guiney,

And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name

Mat It shall be done, my lord [Writes]

Y Mor

Gurney

Gur

My lord

Y Mor As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look

Gur I warrant you, my lord

Y Mor And this above the rest because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again,
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly⁴ to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words

* ¹ dash frustrate

² drift scheme

³ presently immediately

⁴ curstly curtly

Mat Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command

Y Mor So now away, post thitherwards amain

Q Isab Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?

Commend me humbly to his majesty,

And tell him that I labour all in vain

To ease his grief, and work his liberty,

And bear him this as witness of my love

Mat I will, madam [*Gives a ring*]

Y Mor Finely dissembled [*Exit with GURNEY*]
queen

Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent

Q Isab Something he whispers in his childish ears

Y Mor If he have such access¹ unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed

Q Isab Use Edmund friendly as if all were well

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, and KENT talking with him

Y Mor How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

Kent In health, sweet Mortimer how fares your grace?

Q Isab Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged

Kent I hear of late he hath deposed himself

Q Isab The more my grief

Y Mor And mine

Kent Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside*]

Q Isab Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee

Y Mor You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince

Kent Not I, my lord, who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen

P Edw Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown

Let him be king—I am too young to reign

¹access note the accent—access How is the change accounted for

Q Isab But be content, seeing 'tis his highness' pleasure

P Edw Let me but see him first, and then I will

Kent Ay, do, sweet nephew

Q Isab Brother, you know it is impossible

P Edw Why, is he dead?

Q Isab No, God forbid

Kent I would those words proceeded from your heart

Y Mor Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him, That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Kent The more cause have I now to make amends

Y Mor [*Aside to Queen Isab*] I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false

Should come about the person of a prince
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And theretoic trust him not

P Edw But he repents, and sorrows for it now

Q Isab Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me

P Edw With you I will, but not with Mortimer

Y Mor Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away

P Edw Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me

Q Isab Brother Edmund, stive not, we are his friends,

Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent

Kent Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him

Q Isab Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Kent Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me!—

Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee

[*Aside Exeunt on one side* QUEEN ISABELLA
PRINCE EDWARD, and YOUNG MORTIMER, on the other, KENT

SCENE III —*Near Kenilworth Castle*

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY and Soldiers, with
KING EDWARD*

Mat My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends,
Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore come,—dalliance¹ dangereth our lives
K. Edw Friends, whither must unhappy Edward
go?

Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him,
It is the chiefest mark they level at
This usage makes my misery to increase
But can my air of life continue long
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart,
Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

Mat Here's channel water, as your charge is
given,

Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace

K. Edw Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

Gur No, but wash your face, and shave away
your beard,

Lest you be known and so be rescued

Mat Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain!

K. Edw The wren may strive against the lion's
strength,

¹ dalliance. lingering, delay

But all in vain so vainly do I strive

To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand

[They wash him with puddle water, and shave off his beard]

Immortal powers! that knows the painful cares

That waits upon my poor distressed soul;

O level all your looks upon these daring men,

That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's king!

O Gaveston, 'tis for thee that I am wronged,

For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!

And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take

The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,

Wish well to mine, then tush, for them I'll die

Mat 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity

Come, come away, now put the torches out,

We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth

Enter KENT

Gur How now, who comes there?

Mat Guard the king sure it is the Earl of Kent

K Edw O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

Mat Keep them asunder, thrust in the king

Kent Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word

Gur Lay hands upon the earl for his assault

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

Mat Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die

Kent Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gur Bind him and so convey him to the court

Kent Where is the court but here? here is the king;
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

Mat The court is where Lord Mortimer remains,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell

*[Exeunt MATREVIS and GURNEY, with KING
EDWARD]*

Kent O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in
prison!

SCENE IV — *The Royal Palace, London**Enter* YOUNG MORTIMER

Y Mor The king must die, or Mortimer goes down,

The commons now begin to pity him

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life

[*Reads*

"Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est

Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die"

But read it thus, and that's another sense

"Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est

Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst"

Unpointed¹ as it is, thus shall it go,

That, being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,

And we be quit that caused it to be done

Within this room is locked the messenger

That shall convey it, and perform the rest

And by a secret token that he bears,

Shall he be murdered when the deed is done —

Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light What else, my lord? and far more resolute

Y Mor And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died

Y Mor But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent

Light Relent! ha, ha! I use much² to relent

¹ *unpointed* without punctuation Put a comma after *timere*, and the first meaning is obtained, with the comma after *nolite*, the second

² *I use much* I am much accustomed—spoken ironically

Y Mor Well, do it bravely, and be secret
 Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis [*Gives letter*
 At every ten mile end thou hast a horse
 Take this [*gives money*], away¹ and never see me
 more

Light No!

Y Mor No,
 Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death
Light That will I quickly do Farewell, my lord
 [*Exit*]

Y Mor The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
 And with a lowly *congé*¹ to the ground,
 The proudest lords salute me as I pass,
 I seal, I cancel, I do what I will
 Feared am I more than loved,—let me be feared,
 And when I frown, make all the court look pale
 I view the prince with Anistarchus'² eyes,
 Whose looks were as a breeching³ to a boy
 They thrust upon me the protectorship,
 And sue to me for that that I desire
 While at the council-table, grave enough,
 And not unlike a bashful puritan,⁴
 First I complain of imbecility,⁵
 Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,⁶
 Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*⁷ as they term it,
 And to conclude, I am Protector now
 Now is all sure the queen and Mortimer
 Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rules us
 [*Trumpets within*]
 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place

¹ *congé* bow, salutation

² *Anistarchus* a celebrated Greek grammarian, noted especially for the severity of his criticisms

³ *breeching* flogging

⁴ a bashful puritan, note the anachronism

⁵ *imbecility* incapacity

⁶ *onus quam gravissimum* a very heavy responsibility

⁷ *suscepi provinciam* I have undertaken the office

Prince Edward is crowned as King Edward the Third Suddenly the Earl of Kent is brought in a prisoner He denounces Young Mortimer, who orders his execution in spite of the appeals of the young Edward to himself and to the Queen

SCENE V — *Berkeley Castle*

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY

Mat Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly

Gur And so do I, Matrevis yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour

Mat He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while

Gur Send for him out thence, and I will anger him

Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN

Light. My Lord Protector greets you [*Gives letter*,

Gur What's here? I know not how to construe it

Mat Gurney, it was left unpainted for the nonce,
"Edwardum occidere nolite timere,"

That's his meaning

Light Know ye this token? I must have the
king [*Gives token*

Mat Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer
straight

This villain's sent to make away the king [*Aside*

Gur I thought as much [*Aside.*

Mat And when the murder's done
See how he must be handled for his labour

Pereat iste ¹ Let him have the king [*Aside.*

¹ *Pereat iste* let him perish

What else? here is the key, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord

Light I know what I must do Get you away
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help,
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot .

Mat Very well

Gur Need you anything besides?

Light What else? A table and a feather-bed

Gur That's all?

Light Ay, ay, so, when I call you, bring it in

Mat Fear not thou that

Gur Here's a light, to go into the dungeon

[*Gives a light, and then exit with MATREVIS*]

Light So now

Must I about this gear¹, ne'er was there any

So finely handled as this king shall be

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

K Edw Who's there? what light is that? where-
fore com'st thou?

Light To comfort you, and bring you joyful news

K Edw Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me

Light To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

K Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls

Light O villains!

¹ gear business

K Edw And there in mire and puddle have I
stood

This ten days' space, and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum
They give me bread and water, being a king,
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont

Light O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my
heart.

Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile

K Edw These looks of thine can harbour nought
but death

I see my tragedy written in thy brows
Yet stay, awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God

Light What means your highness to mistrust me
thus?

K Edw What mean'st thou to dissemble with me
thus?

Light These hands were never stained with inno-
cent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's

K Edw Forgive my thought for having such a
thought

One jewel have I left, receive thou this

[Giving jewel]

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee

O, if thou harbourest murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know that I am a king O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief¹ where is my crown?
Gone, gone¹ and do I remain alive?

Light You're overwatched,¹ my lord, lie down and
rest

K Edw But that grief keeps me waking, I should
sleep,

For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord

K Edw No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay [*Sleeps*

Light He sleeps

K Edw [*waking*] O let me not die yet stay, O
stay a while¹

Light How now, my lord?

K Edw Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake,
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light To rid thee of thy life — Matrevis, come¹

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY

K Edw I am too weak and feeble to resist
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul¹

Light Run for the table

K Edw O spare me, or despatch me in a trice
[*MATREVIS brings in a table*

Light So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body
[*KING EDWARD is murdered*

Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away

Light Tell me, sis, was it not bravely done?

Gur Excellent well take this for thy reward.

[*GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN, who dies*

¹ *overwatched* worn out with long waking

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
 And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord !
 Away ! *[Exeunt with the bodies]*

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

^ This poem is an excellent example of Marlowe's great powers as a lyrist. It was a very popular song, and evoked an answer attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, which follows

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ,

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ,
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs
 And if these pictures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552—1618)

Reply of the Shepherdess to her Passionate
Lover

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move -
To live with thee and be thy love

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kittle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten !

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616)

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo and Juliet was first published in 1597, a second edition, with careful revisions, appeared in 1599 and may be described as the authorised version. The play may safely be

said to have been acted in 1596. But there is considerable evidence that its composition was commenced as early as 1591. The play thus belongs to Shakespeare's early years of dramatic authorship, it is, moreover, his first attempt at tragedy.

The tragedy is based on a story very popular at the time, localised in Italy, and first told by Luigi da Porto about 1530. The story reappeared in various forms, but the most popular was that of a poem issued by Bandello in 1554. In 1562 Arthur Brooke published "*The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*," written first in Italian by Bandell and now in English by Ar Br" (i.e. Arthur Brooke). Brooke's poem was Shakespeare's main source for his play. He followed it closely and the plots are substantially the same. But the *spirit* of the play is Shakespeare's own, and he rises far above the weariness and ineffectiveness of the narration in the poem which gave him his plot.

In this play the genius of the supreme artist is really for the first time fully asserted. The atmosphere of the piece is perfect. The characters, even the slightest, are possessed of distinct and recognisable features and qualities, and in them all there is "life." The Nurse is a masterpiece of comic characterisation. The Friar stands out as a commanding figure with honourable purposes which he fails to realise only because "a higher power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents." And above them all stand Romeo and Juliet in the "exquisite torture of their passionate love." In the midnight scene in the garden (Act II sc 11) we have assuredly the most beautiful love scene ever written. And though the working out of this passion is by the path of tragedy, to the end "it is a tale of love and sorrow, not of anguish and terror. We behold the catastrophe afar off with scarcely a wish to avert it. Romeo and Juliet are pictured lovely in death as in life, the sympathy they inspire does not oppress us with that suffocating sense of horror which in the altered tragedy makes the fall of the curtain a relief, but all pain is lost in the tenderness and beauty of the picture" (MRS JAMESON).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, prince of Verona

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.

CAPULET, }
An old man, cousin to Capulet

ROMEO, son to Montague

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans	Three Musicians
FRIAR JOHN, }	Page to Paris, another Page, an
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo	Officer
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet	LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague
GREGORY, }	LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse	JULIET, daughter to Capulet
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague	Nurse to Juliet
An Apothecary	
Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both houses, .	
Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants	
Chorus	

SCENE *Verona, Mantua*

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,¹
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage,
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I—*Verona A public place*

Two servants of the house of Capulet, boasting of their valorous hatred of the Montagues, meet two servants of that house and fall to fighting Tybalt and Benvolio of the respective houses enter and likewise engage Citizens further join and raise a great tumult which attracts Capulet and Lady Capulet, Montague and Lady Montague, and finally the Prince

Enter PRINCE with Attendants

Prin Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

¹ mutiny discord

And hear the sentence of your moved prince¹
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,²
 To wield old partisans,³ in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace⁴
 For this time, all the rest depart away
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart

[*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO*]

Mon Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad⁵?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach
 I diew to part them in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more and fought on part and part,⁶
 Till the prince came, who parted either part

¹ *moved prince* moved to anger

² *grave beseeming ornaments* that dress and adornment suited to the gravity and quiet spirit of old age

³ *partisans* weapons of the pike and halberd type

⁴ *the forfeit of the peace* the punishment due to the breaker of the peace

⁵ *new abroad* newly afoot, newly running E E *setten on broche* = to tap a barrel and so set the liquor running

⁶ *on part and part* on one side and the other Note the play on the words in the next line

La Mon O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray

Ben Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun¹
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood

Mon Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove

Ben My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon I neither know it nor can learn of him

Ben Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon Both by myself and many other friends:
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know

Enter ROMEO

Ben See, where he comes so please you step
aside,

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied

Mon I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift² Come, madam, let's away

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady*

¹ the worshipp'd sun hailed with joy, not literally made an object
of worship as with the ancients and the Orientals

² to hear true shrift. to obtain full confession of his sorrow

Ben Good morrow, cousin

Rom Is the day so young ?

Ben But new struck nine

Rom Ay me ! sad hours seem long

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben It was What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom Not having that which, having, makes them short

Ben In love ?

Rom Out—

Ben Of love ?

Rom Out of her favour, where I am in love

Ben Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,¹
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view² is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ? O me ! What fray was here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love

Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

O any thing,³ of nothing first create !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !

This love feel I, that feel no love in this

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben No, coz,⁴ I rather weep

Rom Good heart, at what ?

Ben At thy good heart's oppression

Rom Why, such is love's transgression

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ,

¹ in his view in appearance

² view outlook, sight

³ O any thing, etc The love-sick youth speaks in the affected manner of his age in speaking of love

⁴ coz . term of endearment, an abbreviation of "cousin "

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest¹
 With more of thine this love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs,
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet
 Farewell, my coz

Ben Soft! I will go along
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong

Rom Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here,
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where

Ben Tell me in sadness, who is that you love

Rom In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman

Ben I am'd so near, when I supposed you loved

Rom A right good mark-man! And she's fair I
 love

Ben A right fair mark,² fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom Well, in that hit you miss she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit,
 And in strong proof of chastity well am'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,³
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
 That when she dies with beauty dies her store

Ben Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben By giving liberty unto thine eyes,
 Examine other beauties

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

¹ to have it prest by having it pressed

² A right fair mark a plain mark, one easily seen

³ loving terms conditions laid down by love

Being black put us in mind they hide the fair ,
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost
 Show me a mistress that is passing ¹ fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
 Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget

Ben I'll pay that doctrine,² or else die in debt

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *A street*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and *Servant*

Cap But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike , and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ,
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap But saying o'er ³ what I have said before
 My child is yet a stranger in the world ,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ,
 Let two more summers wither in their pride
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride

Par Younger than she are happy mothers made

Cap And too soon mari'd are those so early made
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth ⁴
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart ,
 My will to her consent is but a part ,
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,

¹ *passing* surpassingly

² *I'll pay that doctrine* I'll render you that debt of instruction, or die your debtor

³ *but saying o'er* only to repeat

⁴ *She is my earth.* My hopes are centred in her as heiress to my lands

Such as I love , and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more
Come, go with me [*To Serv, giving a paper*] Go
sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona , find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*]

Serv Find them out whose names are written
here! I am sent to find those persons whose names
are here writ, and can never find what names the
writing person hath here writ I must to the learned —
In good time

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

Ben Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ,
Turn giddy, and be help by backward¹ turning ,
One desperate grief cures with another's languish
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die

Rom Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that

Ben For what, I pray thee?

Rom For your broken shin

Ben Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den,² good fellow

Serv God gi' god-den I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom Ay, mine own fortune in my misery

Serv Perhaps you have learned it without book
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom Ay, if I know the letters and the language

Serv Ye say honestly rest you merry!

Rom Stay, fellow, I can read [*Reads.*]

¹ backward: in the opposite direction

² God-den, "God give you good evening"

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters , County Anselme and his beauteous sisters , the lady widow of Vitruvio , Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces , Mercutio and his brother Valentine , mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters , my fair niece Rosaline , Livia , Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt , Lucio and the lively Helena

A fair assembly whither should they come ?

Serv Up

Rom Whither ?

Serv To supper , to our house

Rom Whose house ?

Serv My master's

Rom Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before

Serv Now I'll tell you without asking my master is the great rich Capulet , and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine Rest you merry ! *[Exit*

Ben At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest ,
With all the admired beauties of Verona
Go thither , and, with unattainted¹ eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow

Rom When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ,
And these, who often down'd could never die,
Transparent hebetics, be blunted for liars !

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun

Ben Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well² that now shows best.

¹ **unattainted** uncorrupted, *z e* able to see things as they really are

² **scant show well** scarcely seem fair Parse *scant*

Rom I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own¹ [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *A room in CAPULET'S house*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

La Cap Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me

Nurse Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

Jul How now! who calls?

Nurse Your mother

Jul Madam, I am here

What is your will?

La Cap This is the matter — Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret — nurse, come back again,

I have remember'd me, thou's² hear our counsel

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty³ age

Nurse Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour

La Cap She's not fourteen

Nurse I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

And yet, to my teen⁴ be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?⁵

La Cap A fortnight and odd days

*Nurse*⁶ Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!¹—

Were of an age well, Susan⁷ is with God,

¹ in splendour of mine own in the beauty of my own beloved

² thou's thou shalt

³ pretty apt, fitting, suitable—*z e* for *manage*

⁴ to my teen to my sorrow The word is here used as a sort of play
with “four” and “fourteen”

⁵ Lammas-tide the first of August On this day fell Lammas
feast—an old Church festival when a loaf of new wheat was offered as
the first fruits of the harvest A S *klaf*, a loaf, and *maesse*, a mass

⁶ Nurse Observe the garrulity of the Nurse in this speech

⁷ Susan, her own child

She was too good for me but, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen,
 That shall she, marry, I remember it well
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua —
 And since that time it is eleven years,
 For then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood,¹
 She could have run and waddled all about,
 For even the day before, she broke her brow²
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 A' was a merry man—took up the child
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holidame,³
 The pretty wretch left crying and said *Ay*
 Yes, madam yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying and say *Ay*
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted and said *Ay*
Jul And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I
Nurse Peace, I have done God mark thee to his
 grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed
 An I might live to see thee married once⁴
 I have my wish

La Cap Marry, that *marry* is the very theme
 I came to talk of Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul It is an honour that I dream not of

¹ the rood the cross (of Christ)

² broke her brow by falling, after the manner of small children

³ holidame faith What do you think is the literal meaning of this word?

⁴ once this word is to be read with "live," not with "married,"

Nurse An honour¹ were not I¹ thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat
La Cap Well, think of marriage now, younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already motheis by my count,⁴
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid Thus then in brief
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love

Nurse A man, young lady¹ lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax³

La Cap Verona's summer hath not such a flower

Nurse Nay, he's a flower in faith, a very flower

La Cap What say you? can you love the gentle-
man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen,
Examine every married lineament⁴
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent⁵ of his eyes
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul I'll look to like,⁶ if looking liking move
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly

Enter a Servant

Serv Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse

¹ were not I and therefore restrained by modesty

² by my count unless my memory is at fault

³ a man of wax as beautiful as though modelled in wax

⁴ every married lineament every feature in perfect harmony with
the rest

⁵ margent margin

⁶ I'll look to like, etc I will look with purpose to like, if looking
can give rise to liking

cursed¹ in the pantry, and every thing in extremity
 I must hence to wait, I beseech you, follow straight
La Cap We follow thee [*Exit Servant*] Juliet,
 the county stays
Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—*A Street*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six*
 Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others

Rom What, shall this speech² be spoke for our
 excuse?

O₁ shall we on without apology?

Ben The date is out of such prolixity
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd³ with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,⁴
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper⁵,
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure,⁶ and be gone

Rom Give me a torch⁷ I am not for this ambling,
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light

Mer Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance

Rom Not I, believe me you have dancing shoes

¹ **cursed** because she is not there to help

² **this speech** an uninvited guest, or one appearing in a mask for concealment or other purpose, on entering would make some speech in praise of the host or of the ladies. The *prolixity* of such speeches on occasion is referred to by Benvolio in his reply

³ **hoodwink'd** and so made blind. The reference is to love's blindness, oft remarked

⁴ **Tartar's painted bow of lath** a toy bow or imitation merely, not for use. *Tartar* is used in reference to the shape, not a simple curve as the English bow, but shaped like the old Roman bows, as these are depicted on medals and bas reliefs

⁵ **like a crow-keeper** add "scares crows"

⁶ **a measure** a kind of dance. In the previous line the word means to judge, estimate

⁷ **Give me a torch** Romeo has no heart for dancing, he will be the torch bearer

With nimble soles I have a soul of lead

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move

Mer You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound

Rom I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,¹

I cannot bound¹ a pitch above dull woe

Under love's heavy burthen do I sink

Give me a case to put my visage in

A visor for a visor¹ what care I

What curious eye doth quote² deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me

Ben Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs³

Rom A torch for me let wantons light of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes⁴ with their heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase⁵,

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done

Mer Tut, dun's the mouse,⁶ the constable's own word

If thou art dun,⁷ we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence⁸ love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears Come, we burn daylight,⁹ ho!

¹ bound bound. observe the play on the various meanings of this word

² quote take note of, observe

³ to his legs i.e. to dancing, with a view to escaping observation

⁴ rushes with which the floor was carpeted

⁵ a grandsire phrase an ancient proverb, apparently referred to in the next line, and perhaps the line which follows that refers to yet another proverb which says that it is time to give over when the game is at its best

⁶ dun's the mouse a proverbial expression of uncertain meaning There is a play of words, too—done, dun

⁷ If thou art dun an old country game is referred to, in this, *Dun* (a cart-horse), represented by a log of wood or by one of the players, is stuck in the mire and must be pulled out

⁸ sir-reverence a contraction of *save reverence* used in apology for making an improper or indelicate reference

⁹ we burn daylight i.e. we are acting to no purpose in lingering here in argument

Rom Nay, that's not so

Mer I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits

Rom And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go

Mer Why, may one ask?

Rom I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer And so did I

Rom Well, what was yours?

Mer That dreamers often lie

Rom In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true

Mer O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
you

She is the fairies' midwife,¹ and she comes
In shape no bigger than² an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep,
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'³ legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid,
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers
And in this state she gallops night by night

¹ the fairies' midwife whose office it was to deliver sleeping men's fancies of their dreams

² no bigger than, etc in reference to the small figures cut out on agate stones and set in rings

³ long spinners "daddy-long-legs"

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ,
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are .
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ,
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice
 Sometime she doth veth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep¹, and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again This is that very Mab—

Rom Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
 Thou talk'st of nothing

Mer True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south

Ben This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
 selves ,

Supper is done, and we shall come too late
Rom I fear, too early for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death

¹ healths five-fathom deep health-drinkings without stint

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen

Ben Strike, drum

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V — *A Hall in CAPULET'S House*

Musicians *waiting* Enter Servingmen, *with napkins*
Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house,
meeting the Guests and Maskers

Cap Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies that have their
tocs

Unplagued with corns will have a bout¹ with you
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns , am I come near ye now ?
Welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone
You are welcome, gentlemen ! Come, musicians, play
A hall, a hall !² give room ! and foot it, girls

[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves , and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet ,
For you and I are past our dancing days ,
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?³

Sec Cap By'r lady, thirty years

Cap What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost⁴ as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years , and then we mask'd

¹ a bout i.e. of dancing

² a hall, a hall just as we now say "a ring, a ring," in demanding a space for some action

³ mask masquerade So again, "we -mask'd" a few lines further on

⁴ pentecost Whitsuntide Why was this feast so called ?

Sec Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more his son is elder, sir,
His son is thirty

Cap Will you tell me that?
His son was but a waid two years ago

Rom [*To a Servingman*] What lady is that, which
doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv I know not, sir

Rom O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night

Tyb This, by his voice, should be a Montague

Fetch me my rapier, boy! What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,¹

To flear² and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin

Cap Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night

Cap Young Romeo is it?

Tyb 'Tis he, that villain Romeo

Cap Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman,

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth

¹ an antic face referring to Romeo's mask *Antic* is really the same word as *antique*

² to flear to grin

I would not for the wealth of all the town
 Here in my house do him disparagement¹
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair ptesence and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast

Tyb It fits, when such a villain is a guest
 I'll not endure him

Cap He shall be endured
 What, goodman boy²! I say, he shall go to, "
 Am I the master here, or you? go to
 You'll not endure him! Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy is't so, indeed?
 This trick may chance to scathe³ you, I know what
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time
 Well said, my hearts! You are a princox⁴, go
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!
 I'll make you quiet What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting
 I will withdraw but this intrusion shall
 Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall [*Exit*

Rom [*To JULIET*] If I profane with my un-
 worthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss
Jul Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
 much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this,
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss

Rom Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer

¹ do him disparagement offer him an insult, do him harm

² goodman boy a term of familiarity cf "my fine boy"

³ scathe harm, injure

⁴ princox pert or saucy boy, conceited upstart

Rom O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair

Jul Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake

Rom Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul Then have my lips the sin that they have took

Rom Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urged!

Give me my sin again [Kissing her again]

Jul You kiss by the book¹

Nurse Madam, your mother craves a word with you

Rom What is her mother?

Nurse Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal,

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks²

Rom Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt³

Ben Away, be gone, the sport is at the best

Rom Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest

Cap Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet⁴ towards⁵

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all,

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good-night

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late

I'll to my rest [Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE]

¹ You kiss by the book as by rules laid down in a book

² the chinks her father's wealth

³ my life, etc my life is at my foe's mercy Romeo feels that
what has just passed may cost him his life

⁴ banquet, light refreshment, dessert

⁵ towards at hand, just ready

⁶ Is it e'en so? Must you really go?

Jul Come hither, nurse What is yond gentleman?

Nurse The son and heir of old Tiberio

Jul What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse Mairy, that, I think, be young Petrucio

Jul What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse I know not

Jul Gô, ask his name if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed

Nurse His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 's
The only son of your great enemy

Jul My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious¹ birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy

Nurse What's this? what's this?

Jul A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal [*One calls within* "Juliet"]

Nurse Anon, anon!
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone

[*Exeunt*]

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I—*A Lane by the wall of CAPULET'S Orchard*

Benvolio and Mercutio enter in pursuit of Romeo, who leaps the wall of the orchard. Receiving no answer to their calls, they depart to their beds, leaving Romeo to his humour

SCENE II—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO

Rom He jests at scars² that never felt a wound

[*JULIET appears above at a window*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun

¹ **prodigious** portentous A prodigy meant an unusual event, such as the arrival of a comet, which was regarded as an omen

² **He jests at scars** Romeo refers to Mercutio's jests in the foregoing dialogue which, it must be observed, he had overheard

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she
 It is my lady, O, it is my love!
 O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

As daylight doth a lamp, her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul

Ay me!

Rom.

She speaks

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air

Jul O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse¹ thy name,
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet

Rom [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
 at this?

Jul 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,

¹ refuse disown

Thou art thyself,¹ though not a Montague.
 What's Montague, it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor, arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet,
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes²
 Without that title Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself

Rom I take thee at thy word
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized,
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo

Jul What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in
 night
 So stumblest on my counsel³?

Rom By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee,
 Had I it written, I would tear the word

Jul My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike⁴

Jul How camest thou hither, tell me, and where-
 fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here

Rom With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

¹ Thou art thyself, etc. All thy perfections would still be thine even
 if thou wert no longer a Montague

² owes owns

³ stumblest on my counsel happenest upon my secret thoughts

⁴ dislike displease

And what love can do that dares love attempt ,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let ¹ to me

Jul If they do see thee, they will murder thee

Rom Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity

Jul I would not for the world they saw thee here

Rom I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ,

And but thou love me, let them find me here
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued,² wanting of thy love

Jul By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ,
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes
I am no pilot , yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise

Jul Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke but farewell compliment !³
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say *Ay*,
And I will take thy word yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo , but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

¹ let hindrance

² prorogued . deferred, postponed

³ farewell compliment , away with all formality

Than those that have more cunning to be strange¹
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable

Rom What shall I swear by?

Jul Do not swear at all,
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee

Rom If my heart's dear love—

Jul Well, do not swear although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy² of this contract to-night
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say *It lightens* Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet
 Good-night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
 mine

Jul I gave thee mine before thou didst request it
 And yet I would it were to give again

Rom Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

¹ strange distant, reserved

² I have no joy, etc Juliet, like Romeo, has some presentiment of evil overhanging her in this new-found love

Jul But to be frank,¹ and give it thee again
And yet I wish but for the thing I have
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within, dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true
Stay but a little, I will come again [*Exit, above*

Rom O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world

Nurse [*Within*] Madam!

Jul I come, anon — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —

Nurse [*Within*] Madam!

Jul By and by I come —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief
To-morrow will I send

Rom So thrive my soul —

Jul A thousand times good-night! [*Exit, above*

Rom A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks
[*Retiring.*

¹ **frank** liberal

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle¹ back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name

Rom If is my soul that calls upon my name
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!²

Jul Romeo!

Rom My dear?

Jul At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom At the hour of nine

Jul I will not fail 'tis twenty years till then
I have forgot why I did call thee back

Rom Let me stand here till thou remember it

Jul I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company

Rom And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this

Jul 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone
And yet no further than a wanton's bird²,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,³
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty

Rom I would I were thy bird

Jul Sweet, so would I
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow

[Exit, above.]

¹ tassel-gentle *tassel* for *tercel*, the male of the goshawk, called *gentile* from the ease with which it was tamed

² a wanton's bird the pet bird of a girl who mischievously teases it out of fond jealousy

³ gyves fetters

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast¹

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest¹

Hence will I to my ghostly¹ father's cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap² to tell [*Exit.*

SCENE III —FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket*

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful³ weeds and precious-juiced³ flowers

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but stram'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ,

And vice sometimes by action dignified

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ,

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart

Two such opposed kings encamp them still⁴

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ,

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant

Enter ROMEO ,

Rom. Good morrow, father.

¹ ghostly spiritual

² dear hap good fortune What is the meaning of *happy, perhaps?*

³ baleful poisonous, harmful, yet precious-juiced, i.e. having valuable properties if properly used

⁴ still always, ever

*Fri L**Benedicite !*

What eaily tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie,
 But where unbruised¹ youth with unstuff'd² brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign
 Therefore thy eailiness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature³,
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night

Rom I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads⁴ my foe

Fri L Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift,
 Riddling confession⁵ finds but riddling shrift⁶

Rom Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combined, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage when and where and how
 We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day

Fri L Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies

¹ **unbruised** not yet wounded in the battles of life

² **unstuff'd** free from care

³ **distemperature** disorder

⁴ **steads** helps, benefits How do we now use this word ?

⁵ **Riddling confession**, etc confession made in riddles will receive
 absolution likewise in riddles

⁶ **shrift** what is the verb corresponding to this ? What is meant by
Shrove-Tuesday ?

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine¹
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline¹
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
 Women may fall,² when there's no strength in men

Rom Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline

Fri L For doting, not for loving, pupil mine

Rom And bad'st me bury love

Fri L Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have

Rom I pray thee, chide not she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow,

The other did not so

Fri L O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote³ and could not spell

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect⁴ I'll thy assistant be,

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love

Rom O, let us hence, I stand on sudden haste

Fri L Wisely and slow, they stumble that run
 fast [Exeunt

SCENE IV —A Street

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mer Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben Not to his father's, I spoke with his man

Mer Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
 Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad

Ben Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house

Mer A challenge, on my life

¹ brine salt tears

² Women may fall no wonder women prove frail

³ did read by rote was mere words

⁴ In one respect on one consideration

Ben Romeo will answer it

Mer Any man that can write may answer a letter

Ben Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared

Mer Alas, poor Romeo¹ he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear with a love-song, the very pin¹ of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's² butt-shaft and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer More than prince of cats,³ I can tell you O, he is the courageous captain of complements He fights as you sing prick-song,⁴ keeps time, distance, and proportion, rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause ah, the immortal passado⁵ the punto reverso⁵ the hai!⁵

Enter ROMEO

Ben Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo

Mer Without his roe,⁶ like a dried herring O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified¹ Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in Laura⁷ to his lady was but a kitchen-wench, marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her. Signior Romeo, *bon jour*¹ there's a French salutation to your French slop⁸ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night

¹ pin centre

² blind bow-boy Who is thus alluded to?

³ prince of cats *Tybert*, the name given to a cat in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*

⁴ prick-song music sung from notes and therefore with care for every detail

⁵ passado, etc terms from the fencing school are here used

⁶ without his roe only half himself, there is a play, apparently, upon the first syllable of his name—*Romeo*

⁷ Laura the lady to whom Petrarch addressed so much of his poetry.

⁸ slop baggy breeches The word is still used for a loose overgarment

Rom Good morrow to you both What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer The slip,¹ sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy—Here's goodly gear!²

Enter Nurse

Nurse God ye good morrow,³ gentlemen Can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him I am the youngest of that name, for fault⁴ of a worse

Nurse You say well

Mer Yea, is the worst well? very well took, I' faith, wisely, wisely

Nurse If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence⁵ with you

Ben She will indite him to some supper

Mer Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither

Rom I will follow you

Mer Farewell, ancient lady, farewell, [*singing*] lady, lady, lady [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery⁶

Rom A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month

¹ the slip a counterfeit piece of money Note the play on the word

² gear stuff, referring to the appearance of Juliet's nurse

³ God ye good morrow "God give you good morrow," a common form of salutation

⁴ fault lack, want

⁵ confidence the Nurse's mistake for "conference" Mercutio takes her off by the use of "indite" for "invite"

⁶ ropery roguery

Nurse An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks, and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall Pray you, sir, a word and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out, what she bade me say, I will keep to myself but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing

Rom Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress
I protest unto thee—

Nurse Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman

Rom What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me

Nurse I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer

Rom Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married Here is for thy pains

Nurse No, truly, sir, not a penny

Rom Go to, I say you shall

Nurse This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there

Rom And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair¹,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night
Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains
Farewell, commend me to thy mistress

Nurse Ay, a thousand times [Exeunt

¹ like a tackled stair like the stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship

SCENE V —CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter JULIET

Jul The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse,
In half an hour she promised to return
Perchance she cannot meet him that's not so
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me
O God, she comes !

Enter Nurse and PETER

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away
Nurse Peter, stay at the gate [*Exit PETER*]
Jul Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st
thou sad ?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face
Nurse I am a-weary, give me leave awhile
Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had !
Jul I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak, good, good nurse,
speak
Nurse Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay awhile ?
Do you not see that I am out of breath ?
Jul How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
• breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ?
 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse
 Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ,
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance ¹
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse Well, you have made a simple ² choice ,
 you know not how to choose a man Romeo ! no,
 not he , though his face be better than any man's,
 yet his leg excels all men's , and for a hand, and
 a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked
 on, yet they are past compare he is not the flower
 of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a
 lamb Go thy ways, wench , serve God What, have
 you dined at home ?

Jul No, no but all this did I know before
 What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse Lord, how my head aches ! what a head
 have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces
 My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back !
 Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well
 Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
 love ?

Nurse Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
 warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother ?

Jul Where is my mother ! why, she is within ,
 Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother ?

Nurse O God's lady dear !
 Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow ,
 Is this the poultrice for my aching bones ?
 Henceforward do your messages yourself

¹ the circumstance the details ² simple foolish

Jul Here's such a coil¹! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul I have

Nurse Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news
Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell

Jul Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI—FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri L So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine

Fri L These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds² the appetite
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow

¹ coil fuss, ado

² confounds destroys

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint
 A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity

Jul Good even to my ghostly¹ confessor

Fri L Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
 both

Jul As much to him, else is his thanks too much

Rom Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it,² then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter

Jul Conceit,³ more rich in matter than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament
 They are but beggars that can count their worth,
 But my true love is grown to such excess
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth

Fri L Come, come with me, and we will make
 short work,

For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone
 Till holy church incorporate two in one

[*Exeunt*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I — *A Public Place*

Romeo, just parted from his bride, meets the fiery Tybalt, who is seeking him in order to pick a quarrel with him for his presence, uninvited, at the last night's ball. Romeo endeavours to avoid fighting with a cousin of Juliet, but his friend Mercutio cannot brook Tybalt's angry words, and falls by the sword in the fight that ensues, stabbed by Tybalt under the arm of Romeo, who vainly tries to part the combatants. Wrathful at

¹ *ghostly* spiritual ² *To blazon it* to tell it forth
³ *Conceit* imagination, fancy

his friend's death, Romeo rushes fiercely on Tybalt and slays him. The Prince appears on the scene, inquires into the facts of the affray, and concludes by sentencing Romeo to banishment

SCENE II—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter JULIET

Jul Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging¹ such a waggoner
As Phaethon² would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish³ sun.

So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

¹ **Phoebus' lodging** the west

² **Phaethon** the son of Helios the Sun, who prevailed upon his father to permit him for one day to drive his chariot through the heavens So furiously did he drive that he lost the track and well-nigh wrought universal disaster

³ **garish** glittering, glaring

Nurse

Ay, ay, the cords

[*Throws them down*]

Jul Ay me ! what news ? why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse Ah, well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !

Alack the day ! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

Jul Can heaven be so envious¹ ?

Nurse

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot, O Romeo, Romeo !

Who ever would have thought it ? Romeo !

Jul What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,²

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice³

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer *I*

If he be slain, say *I*, or if not, no

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe

Nurse I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark !—here on his manly breast

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood, I swounded at the sight

Jul O, break, my heart ! poor bankrupt, break at once !

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !

O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !

¹ **envious** malignant

² **I**. "ay," meaning "yes," was often written thus

³ **cockatrice** the fabulous serpent said to kill by a look

That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul What storm is this that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord ?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished

Jul O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
• blood ?

Nurse It did, it did , alas the day, it did !

Jul O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolvish-avening lamb !
Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain !
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower¹ the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men , all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers
Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ,
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin ?

Jul Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?

¹ bower enclose

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband

All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me, I would forget it fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished,

Romeo is banished, to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead *Romeo is banished!*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death, no words can that woe sound

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither

Jul Wash they his wounds with tears mine shall
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment

Take up those cords poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled

Nurse Hie to your chamber I'll find Romeo

To comfort you I wot well where he is

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night

I'll to him, he is hid at Laurence' cell

Jul O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell [*Exeunt*

SCENE III —FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri L Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou
fearful¹ man

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity

Enter ROMEO

Rom Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom²?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri L Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom

Rom What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri L A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment

Rom Ha, banishment! be merciful, say *death*,
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death do not say *banishment*

Fri L Hence from Verona art thou banished
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide

Rom There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death then banished,
Is death mis-term'd calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me

Fri L O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

¹ *fearful* full of fear, but perhaps also with something of the sense
of "terrible"

² *doom* judgment, sentence

And turn'd that black word death to banishment
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not,

Rom 'Tis torture, and not mercy heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not more validity,¹
 More honourable state, more courtship² lives
 In carrion-flies than Romeo they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin!
 But Romeo may not, he is banished
 And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But *banished* to kill me?—*banished*?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell,
 Howlings attend it how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word *banished*?

Fri L Thou fond mad man, here me but speak
 a word

Rom O, thou wilt speak again of banishment

Fri L I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished

Rom Yet *banished*? Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant³ a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not talk no more

Fri L O, then I see that madmen have no ears

Rom How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

¹ *validity* worth, value

² *courtship* courtliness

³ *displant* transplant to the scene of his exile

Fri L Let me dispute¹ with thee of thy estate

Rom Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave

[*Knocking within*
Fri L Arise, one knocks, good Romeo, hide
thyself

Rom Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes

[*Knocking.*
Fri L Hark, how they knock! Who's there?
Romeo, arise,

Thou wilt be taken! Stay awhile! Stand up,
[*Knocking*
Run to my study By and by! God's will,
What simpleness² is this! I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand,
I come from Lady Juliet

Fri L Welcome, then

Enter Nurse

Nurse O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri L There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk

Nurse O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!

¹ dispute argue, reason

² simpleness folly

Piteous predicament¹ Even so lies she,
 Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering
 Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand,
 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom Nurse!

Nurse Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all

Rom Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood removed but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd¹ lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
 weeps,
 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again

Rom As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy²
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion [*Drawing his sword*]

Fri L Hold thy desperate hand.
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art
 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast
 Thou hast amazed me by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead,

¹ conceal'd *ze* as to her married condition

² this anatomy this body

There art thou happy Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happy
too

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile, there art thou happy
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze¹ your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation
Go before, nurse commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto
Romeo is coming

Nurse O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
night
To hear good counsel O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come

Rom Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide

Nurse Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late [*Exit*

Rom How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fr L Go hence, good night, and here stands all
your state

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence
Sojourn in Mantua, I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time

¹ blaze make public

Every good hap to you that chances here
 Give me thy hand, 'tis late farewell, good night
Rom But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee
 Farewell [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV

Capulet agrees to and arranges for the marriage of Juliet to Paris on Thursday, *i.e.* within four days

SCENE V—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

Jul Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale

Rom It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die

Jul Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua
 Therefore stay yet thou need'st not to be gone

Rom Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads
 I have more care to stay than will to go
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so
 How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day

Jul It is, it is hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps
O, now be gone, more light and light it grows

Rom More light and light; more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse Madam!

Jul Nurse?

Nurse Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber

The day is broke, be wary, look about [Exit

Jul Then, window, let day in, and let life out

Rom Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend

[He goeth down]

Jul Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee

Jul O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom I doubt it not, and ill these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come

Jul O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale

Rom And trust me, love, in my eye so do you
Diy sorrow drinks our blood Adieu, adieu! [Exit.

Jul O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune,

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back

¹ an ill-divining soul a spirit filled with forebodings of ill

La Cap [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

La Cap Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul Madam, I am not well

La Cap Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live,
Therefore, have done some grief shows much of
love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit

Jul Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss

La Cap So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for

Jul Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend

La Cap Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him

Jul What villain, madam?

La Cap That same villain, Romeo

Jul [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles
asunder—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart

La Cap That is, because the traitor murderer
lives

Jul Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La Cap We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not

Then weep no more I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd diam,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied

Jul Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La Cap Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl

Jul And joy comes well in such a needy time
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap Mairy, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride

Jul Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris These are news indeed !

La Cap Here comes your father, tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

Cap How now ! a conduit, girl ? what, still in
tears ?

Evermore showering? How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La Cap Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul Not proud, you have, but thankful, that you have

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love

Cap How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

Proud, and *I thank you*, and *I thank you not*,

And yet *not proud*, mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither

Jul Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word

Cap Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face

La Cap You are too hot

Cap God's bread! it makes me mad

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet,¹ in her fortune's tender,²
 To answer *I'll not wed, I cannot love,*
I am too young, I pray you, pardon me
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest
 Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise³
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good
 Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn [Exit

Jul Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies
La Cap Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee [Exit
Jul O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse

Nurse Faith, here it is
 Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,⁴
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him an eagle, madam,

¹ mammet puppet, doll

² in her fortune's tender in the offer which good fortune brings to her

³ lay hand on heart, advise consider the matter seriously

⁴ all the world to nothing a wage "I'll stake the world against nothing"

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first, or if it did not,
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him

Jul Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse And from my soul too,
 Or else beshrew them both

Jul Amen!

Nurse What?

Jul Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
 much

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
 To make confession and to be absolved

Nurse Marry, I will, and this is wisely done

[*Exit*]

Jul Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath praised him with above compare
 So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy
 If all else fail, myself have power to die

[*Exit*]

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I—FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

Fri L On Thursday, sir? the time is very short

Par My father Capulet will have it so,
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste

Fri L You say you do not know the lady's mind
 Uneven is the course, I like it not

Par Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love ,
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears ,
 Now do you know the reason of this haste

Fri L [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should
 be slow'd

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell

Enter JULIET

Par Happily met, my lady and my wife !

Jul That may be, sir, when I may be a wife

Par That may be must be, love, on Thursday next

Jul What must be shall be

Fri L That's a certain text

Par Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul To answer that, I should confess to you

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri L My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
 now

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par God shield I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye

Till then, adieu , and keep this holy kiss [*Exit*

Jul O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done
 so,

Come weep with me , past hope, past cure, past
 help !

Fri L Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ,
 It strains me past the compass of my wits

I hear thou must, and nothing may proreque it,

On Thursday next be married to this county

Jul Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it .

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love
Fr. L Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris Wednesday is to-morrow
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease¹
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest,
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead,
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no inconstant toy,² nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it

Jul Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fr. L Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous,

¹ surcease. cease its beating

² inconstant toy whim, fancy.

In this resolve I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord

Jul Love give me strength¹ and strength shall
help afford
Farewell, dear father!¹ [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

Capulet is busy giving instructions for the wedding-feast when Juliet returns professing willingness to meet her father's wishes, and the preparations accordingly proceed apace

SCENE III—JULIET'S Chamber

Enter JULIET and Nurse

Jul Aye, those attires are best but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons¹
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin

Enter LADY CAPULET

La Cap What, are you busy, ho? need you my
help?

Jul No, madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business

La Cap Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

Jul Farewell! God knows when we shall meet
again
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life

¹ **orisons** prayers From Latin *orare*, to pray, it is the same word
as *oration*

I'll call them back again to comfort me
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone
Come, vial
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morn'g?
No, no this shall forbid it lie thou there.

[Laying down her dagger]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tied a holy man
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit¹ of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fester'g in his shroud, where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort,—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes'² torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?

¹ conceit imagination, thought

² mandrake a plant whose root was supposed to resemble the human form, and when torn up to cause madness or death

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee
[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains]

SCENE IV

All is astir in Capulet's house with preparations for the wedding

SCENE V—JULIET'S Chamber

Enter Nurse

Nurse Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I
 warrant her, she
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride!
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I must needs wake her Madam, madam, madam!
[Undraws the curtains]
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some *aqua vitae*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

La Cap What noise is here?

Nurse O lamentable day!

La Cap What is the matter?

Nurse Look, look! O heavy day!

La Cap O me, O me! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
 Help, help! Call help

Enter CAPULET

Cap For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is
come

Nurse She's dead, deceased, she's dead, alack the
day!

La Cap Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap Ha! let me see her out, alas! she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field

Nurse O lamentable day!

La Cap O woful time!

Cap Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians

Fri. L Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap Ready to go, but never to return
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded I will die,
And leave him all, life, living, all is Death's

Par Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La Cap Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this
O woful day, O woful day !

Par Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthiown !
O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Cap Despised, distressed, hated, marty'd, kill'd !
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity ?
O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !
Dead art thou ! Alack ! my child is dead ,
And with my child my joys are buried

Frn L Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid , now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life
The most you sought was her promotion¹,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well
She's not well married that lives married long ,
But she's best married that dies married young
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary²
On this fair corse , and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church

Cap All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral ,
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,

¹ **promotion** advancement by marriage with one of the royal house

- **rosemary** an evergreen used at funerals and at weddings, symbol of immortality and of undying affection

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar L Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris, every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill,
Move them no more by crossing their high will

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and FRIAR

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I—*Mantua A Street*

Enter ROMEO

Rom If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *booted*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well

Bal Then she is well, and nothing can be ill
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir

Rom Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses, I will hence to-night

Bal I do beseech you, sir, have patience
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure

Rom Tush, thou art deceived
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal No, my good lord

Rom No matter get thee gone,
 And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night¹
 Let's see for means O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,—
 And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples², meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes, and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
*An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a cartiff wretch³ would sell it him*

¹ Observe that the poetic and fanciful Romeo is now dead this is a new and serious Romeo Without any flowery rhetoric, it is simply "Juliet" now

² *simples* medicinal herbs

³ *cartiff wretch*, miserable creature

O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me
As I remember, this should be the house
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Ap Who calls so loud?

Rom Come hither, man I see that thou art
poor

Hold, there is forty ducats let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear¹
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead

Ap Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them²

Rom Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this

Ap My poverty, but not my will, consents

Rom I pay thy poverty, and not thy will

Ap Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight

Rom There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none
Farewell buy food, and get thyself in flesh
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee [*Exit*

* ¹ soon-speeding gear stuff which will operate quickly

² utters them passes them from one to another

SCENE II —FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell

Enter FRIAR JOHN*Fri J* Holy Franciscan friar¹ biothei, ho !*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE*Fri L* This same should be the voice of Friar John

Welcome from Mantua what says Romeo ?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter

Fri J Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our oider, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house¹Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sea'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd*Fri L* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?*Fri. J* I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection*Fri L* Unhappy fortune¹ by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice² but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger Friar John, go hence ,
Get me an iron crow,³ and bring it straight
Unto my cell*Fri J* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee [Exit*Fri L* Now must I to the monument alone ,
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake
She will beshrew⁴ me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ,
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! [Exit.¹ in a house *ze* a religious house, a convent² not nice not trivial, not unimportant³ crow crowbar⁴ beshrew reproach Note the force of the prefix

SCENE III — *A churchyard, in it a tomb belonging to the*
CAPULLIS

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch

Par Give me thy torch, boy hence, and stand
aloof

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,¹
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach
Give me those flowers Do as I bid thee, go

Page [Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure [*Retires*]

Par Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans
The obsequies² that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep

[*The Page whistles*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile [*Retires*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, etc

Rom Give me that mattock and the wrenching
iron

Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father
Give me the light upon thy life, I charge thee,

¹ lay thee all along lie down at full length

² obsequies funeral rites

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment ¹ therefore hence, be gone
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea

Bal I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you

Rom So shalt thou show me friendship Take
 thou that

Live, and be prosperous and farewell, good fellow

Bal [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me here-
 about

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt [*Retires*]

Rom Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! [*Opens the tomb*]

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee

Obey, and go with me, for thou must die

Rom I must indeed, and therefore came I hither

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence, and leave me think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself

¹ In dear employment in business of the utmost importance

For I come hither arm'd against myself
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away

Par I do defy thy conjurations,¹

And apprehend thee for a felon here

Rom Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy!

[*They fight*]

Page O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch

[*Exit*]

Par O, I am slain! [*Falls*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet

[*Dies*]

Rom In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him² as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,

A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd

[*Laying PARIS in the tomb*]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death! O, how may I

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty

Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

¹ conjurations entreaties

² did not attend him paid no heed to him

O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Aims, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless¹ bargain to engrossing² death!
 Come, bitter conduct,³ come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die [*Dies*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR
 LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade*

Fri L Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Bal Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
 well

Fri L Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument

Bal It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master,
 One that you love

Fri L Who is it?

Bal Romeo

Fri L How long hath he been there?

Bal Full half an hour

Fri L Go with me to the vault

¹ dateless eternal.

² engrossing laying hold on everything

³ bitter conduct bitter guide, referring to the poison he is about to take

Bal I dare not, sir
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents

Fri L Stay, then, I'll go alone Fear comes upon
me

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing

Bal As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him

Fri L Romeo! [*Advances*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless¹ and gory swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs [JULIET wakes

Jul O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within*

Fri L I hear some noise Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep
A greater power than we can contradict²
Hath thwarted our intents Come, come away
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming,
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer
stay

Jul Go, get thee hence, for I will not away
[*Exit FRI L*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless³ end

¹ masterless having no owner or master

² contradict oppose

³ timeless unimul.

O churl ! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
 To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips ,
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative¹ [*Kisses him*
 Thy lips are warm

First Watch [*Within*] Lead, boy which way ?

Jul Yea, noise ? then I'll be brief O happy
 dagger ! [*Snatching ROMEO'S dagger*

This is thy sheath [*stabs herself*], there rust, and let
 me die [*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

Page This is the place, there, where the torch
 doth burn

First Watch The ground is bloody, search about
 the churchyard

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach²
 Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain,
 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried
 Go, tell the prince run to the Capulets
 Raise up the Montagues some others search
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
 We cannot without circumstance³ descry

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

Sec Watch Here's Romeo's man, we found him
 in the churchyard

First Watch Hold him in safety, till the prince
 come hither

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE

Thurd Watch Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
 and weeps

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard side

First Watch A great suspicion stay the friar too.

¹ a restorative a medicine to restore me to thee, my truest life.
² attach arrest ³ circumstance. details, particulars.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

Prince What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others

Cap What should it be, that they so shrick abroad?

La Cap The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument

Prince What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain,

And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd

Prince Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes

First Watch Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs

Cap O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house¹
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La Cap O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre

Enter MONTAGUE and others

Prince Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down

Mon Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince Look, and thou shalt see

Mon O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

¹ *his house* the dagger's sheath, worn on the back

Prince Seal up the mouth of outrage ¹ for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,²
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience
Bring forth the parties of suspicion ³

Fri L I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder, ⁴
And here I stand, both to impeach ⁴ and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused

Prince Then say at once what thou dost know in
this

Fri L I will be brief, for my short date of breath ⁵
Is not so long as is a tedious tale
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife
I married them, and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,

¹ outrage clamour, outcry

² ambiguities obscure events

³ the parties of suspicion those under suspicion

⁴ both to impeach, etc. accusing myself in the excuses I plead,
clearing myself even while I condemn myself

⁵ my short date of breath the short space of life remaining to me

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law

Prince We still have known thee for a holy man
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not and left him there

Prince Give me the letter, I will look on it
 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
 Surrah, what made your master in this place?

Page He came with flowers to strew his lady's
 grave,
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did -
 Anon comes one with light to open the tomb,
 And by and by my master drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the watch

Prince This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen all are punish'd

Cap O brother Montague, give me thy hand
This is my daughter's jointure,¹ for no more
Can I demand

Mon But I can give thee more
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet

Cap As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices² of our enmity!

Prince A glooming³ peace this morning with it brings,

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things,

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish'd
For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo [Exeunt

It is in his tragedies that Shakespeare has given us his deepest thoughts about life. By him a tragedy is conceived as a conflict between the good and the evil forces in the world, in which conflict the evil seems to be victorious. In this play

¹ *my daughter's jointure* the dowry with my daughter's marriage, viz the healing of the family feud

² *poor sacrifices*, etc poor atonement for our enmity

³ *glooming* . gloomy

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE 173

the pure love of Romeo and Juliet is matched against the hate between their families, and the hate annihilates the love. But good follows. Romeo and Juliet did not die in vain: the family feud was healed, but the sacrifice of their splendid love was needed to bring this about.

The play is an early tragedy, as many signs show. It is, when compared with *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, a simple play. It is too flowery, often, it is studded with puns and other youthful clevernesses. There is little mystery in the characters. Romeo does not puzzle us like Othello, nor is Juliet so difficult to understand as Ophelia.

How far does the character of Romeo himself cause the tragic end? What element in Juliet's character contributes to her ruin? Did the tragedy result from an accident? Or was it a necessary consequence of the circumstances? Point out the humorous side of the Nurse's character. Why does Shakespeare allow Mercutio to be killed early in the play?

Under the Greenwood Tree

(From "*As You Like It*")

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Man's Ingratitude

(From "As You Like It")

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude,
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude
 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
 Then heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not
 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
 Then heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly

Sonnet XXX

Whatever sorrow we may be able to call to our memory,
 whatever griefs our past or present life may have, Friendship
 annihilates them all

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end

ROBERT GREENE (1560—1592)

There is something strangely pathetic in the contrast between the purity and delicacy of the poetic feeling exhibited in Greene's lyrics and the viciousness and degradation of his outward life. His sentiment is often of the tenderest, and beautifully expressed.

Sephestia's Song to her Child

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy,
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changèd made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl-drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies,
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt ,
 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bliss,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee

THOMAS LODGE (? 1556—1625)

Lodge wrote plays, romances, and detached lyrics. His plays are uninteresting, his romances uninspiring, but his lyrics rank with the best of his age.

Love's Wantonness

Love guides the roses of thy lips,
 And flies about them like a bee ,
 If I approach he forward skips,
 And if I kiss he stingeth me
 Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
 And sleeps within their pretty shine,
 And if I look the boy will lower,
 And from their orbs shoot shafts divine
 Love works thy heart within his fire,
 And in my tears doth firm the same,
 And if I tempt it will retire,
 And of my plaints doth make a game
 Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
 And pity me, and calm her eye,
 Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
 Then I will praise thy deity

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568—1639)

Wotton wrote but little poetry, but that little has won him a sure place in English literature. A great man of affairs, much occupied with politics and society, his verses reveal a singularly chaste spirit and great nobility of character.

Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath,

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice, who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great,

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend,

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to raise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563—1631)

This ballad is the most stirring written in Elizabethan times. Its author is in general a somewhat heavy poet, but, as Professor Saintsbury says, "it is something to have written the best war-song in a language, its best fantastic poem,¹ and its only topographical poem of real value."

Ballad of Agincourt

Fair stood the wind for Fiance,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry,
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry,

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending

¹ *Nymphs and the Wood* see *Readings in English Literature*, Intermediate Course, vol. 1

² *Polyolbion*.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised

And for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
 Nor more esteem me
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell
Under our swords they fell
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire-great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies

The Duke of York so dead
The eager vaward led,
With the main, Henry sped,
 Amongst his hench-men
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ,

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid horses ,
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ,
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ,
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood bespient,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet

Gloucester, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight,
 Scarce such another

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up,
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby,
 Bear them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry,
 O when shall English men,
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562—1619)

Sonnet to Sleep

Daniel was a dignified man of letters who rarely claims the honours due to genius. Like the other Elizabethan poets, he wrote sonnets—his were written to a poetical *Deia*—and the one given is among the very best of the period.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my languish and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care, return,

And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-dreams,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow,
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain

THOMAS CAMPION (? 1575—1620)

Cherry Ripe

The virtues of Campion have been recently discovered
 They are essentially those of the lyricist, and, indeed, Campion
 seems to have been more interested in music than in poetry

There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies flow,
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow,
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that attempt with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry

FRANCIS BACON (1561—1626)

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, or Viscount St Albans, was a vigorous thinker, an active inquirer into and interpreter of nature (though not a good scientist), a great courtier, a servile statesman, and a diligent and notable writer. His *Essays*, or *Counsels Civil and Moral*, are his best-known work, though by no means the most considerable of his literary undertakings. They are remarkable and unrivalled for their conciseness, their suggestiveness, their practical knowledge, their vivacity, and their compression of many thoughts in few words. He worked at them, writing, re-writing, enlarging, and adding to their number, from 1597 when ten of them were first published, until 1625 when he finally issued them, fifty-eight in all.

The Essays (1597—1625)

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring¹, for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men² can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels,³ and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth, to use them too much for ornament, is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar⁴. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be

¹ privateness and retiring How should we express this now?

² expert men men of practical experience What is understood by "an expert" nowadays

³ general counsels, plots, marshalling of affairs consideration of plans and making provision for carrying out the same

⁴ humour of a scholar natural tendency or weakness of a scholar

bounded in by experience Crafty¹ men contemn studies, simple men admire² them, and wise men use them For they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without³ them, and above them, won by observation

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested That is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously⁴, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things Reading maketh a full⁵ man, conference⁶ a ready man, and writing an exact man⁷ And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present⁸ wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not

Histories make men wise, poets, witty, the mathematics, subtle, natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave, logic and rhetoric, able to contend *Abeunt studia in*

¹ **crafty** craft=skill (generally in handiwork), **crafty**=skilled in practical work—cf Arts and Crafts, Craftsmen=practical men This is an instance of a word whose meaning has deteriorated What is its ordinary meaning now? What other words of this sort do you know?

² **admire** wonder at

³ **without** outside, apart from—the real meaning of the word

⁴ **curiously** What does Bacon mean? See the latter part of the next phrase What books belong to this class?

⁵ **full** Full of what?

⁶ **conference** conversation

⁷ **writing an exact man** Bacon habitually "took notes," i.e. committed his thoughts to writing

⁸ **present** ready

*mores*¹ Nay, there is no stond² or impediment in the wit,³ but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercise bowling⁴ is good for the stone and reins,⁵ shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like So, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen,⁶ for they are *cymym sectores*⁷ If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt⁸

OF TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, in the elder, a part of experience He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow⁹ well, so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the

¹ *Abeunt studia in mores* *lit* Studies pass into manners, *z c* Studies go to form character

² *stond* stand, hindrance, obstacle

³ *wit* intellect, cp "It passes the wit of man"

⁴ *bowling* games of bowls

⁵ *reins* derived from Latin *renes*—kidneys

⁶ *schoolmen* the name given to the philosophers in the middle ages, professors who taught in the schools and universities

⁷ *cymym sectores* hair splitters The schoolmen wasted their time in discussions on matters of trivial importance, *e g* Thomas Aquinas gravely discussed the question how many angels were able to stand on the point of a needle

⁸ *receipt* recipe Both words are derived from the same root Give sentences illustrating their differing usages now

⁹ *allow* the Latin meaning, *allaudare* = approve

country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth, for else young men shall go hooded,¹ and look abroad little

It is a strange thing that, in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries², but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use.

The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors, the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes, and so of consistories ecclesiastic³, the churches and monasteries with the monuments which are therein extant, the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures, where any are, shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities, armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses,⁴ warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like, comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort, treasures of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities, and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which, the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not be put in mind of them, yet they are not to be neglected.

¹ go hooded a reference to the manner in which falcons were carried about during the sport of hawking until actually required to chase their prey—covered with a hood, i.e. blinded

² diaries "Writing maketh an exact man" See Bacon's Essay on "Studies"

³ consistories ecclesiastic ecclesiastical assemblies or courts

⁴ burses has the same meaning as "exchanges", probably referring especially to Stock Exchanges. French Bourse=English Stock Exchange. What is a *bursar*?—a *bursary*?

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card,¹ or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long. Nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance.² Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries, and employed men of ambassadois. For so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths,³ place,⁴

¹ card chart (map)

² adamant of acquaintance loadstone to attract friends adamant *lit* unbreakable, was applied to hard rocks, and so to the loadstone or natural magnet

³ healths toasts in drinking, drinking to persons' health

⁴ place priority of position due to rank

and words And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric¹ and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him; but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth And let his travel appear rather in his discourse, than in his apparel or gesture, and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country

BEN JONSON (1573—1637)

Jonson is chiefly remembered as a dramatist, but, as the two examples here given will show, he had a remarkably delicate touch as a lyricist. Nothing more graceful than the second of these examples can be found in all the range of the period.

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine
 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be,

¹ **choleric** passionate, hasty tempered

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And send'st it back to me ,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee

Charis' Triumph

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth
As he goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ,
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride
Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smoothen
Than words that soothe her ,
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife
Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ? ,
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she !

THOMAS DEKKER (? 1570—? 1630)

O Sweet Content

Essentially the painter of London life, Dekker has moods of the purest tenderness to relieve the roughness and squalor of his picture. This song may be thought of as a voice from the streets of London.

- Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet Content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?

O Punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content,

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,

Honest labour bears a lovely face,

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet Content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears?

O Punishment!

Then he that patiently Want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,

Honest labor bears a lovely face,

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

(BEAUMONT, 1586—1615)

(FLETCHER, 1576—1625)

The Knight of the Burning Pestle (1611)

This comedy is one of the best in Elizabethan drama outside of Shakespeare. Though it was no doubt written in collaboration, it has generally been considered to be for the most part the work of Beaumont. The general idea of the satire, the

genial humour and the absence of the feminine endings in the verse-portions do not suit the lighter and wittier vein of Fletcher. But, the whole play was written in eight days, and that would seem to prove that the work was not wholly carried out by one author. In any case we may leave the question here, with the remark that no two critics are absolutely agreed as to which portions belong to one author and which to the other.

The play is more than a comedy. It is a satire and a burlesque. The first portion of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605, and this evidently inspired the versatile authors to use their wit in a similar cause. The adventures of Ralph in the play are like those of Don Quixote and are a burlesque of the exaggerated romance and affected chivalry which appear in so many novels and plays of the time. Chivalry, having become a pose and an affectation, was easily killed by the ridicule of Cervantes; this ridicule was echoed by our two dramatists in this play.

The humorous element is not wholly obtained, however, from the absurdities of Ralph and his squires. There was another purpose in the minds of the dramatists, viz to attack with the weapons of comedy a practice which was injuring theatrical performances and becoming an intolerable nuisance to players, playwrights, and spectators alike. A rich man could, by paying an extra sixpence, claim a seat on the stage itself, and from this point of advantage he could keep up a running fire of comment to the discomfiture of the actors and the annoyance of the audience. Needless to remark, such criticism was not often valuable and was frequently silly. The idea of making a citizen and his wife thus take part in the play itself and add to the general amusement by their ill-timed commentary was in itself a spark of true comedy, and the idea has been carried out with such spirit and humour that we are kept in a quiver of gentle merriment all through. It is said that the comedy was not popular on its first appearance, and perhaps the patrons of the stage were not pleased with their portraits. But they could not long resist the good humour with which the acute and scathing satire is accompanied.

INDUCTION

*Several Gentlemen sitting on Stools upon the Stage
The Citizen, his Wife, and RALPH sitting below
among the audience*

Enter Speaker of the Prologue

S of Prol "From all that's near the court, from all
that's great,

Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene——”

Citizen leaps on the Stage

Cit Hold your peace, goodman boy!

S of Prol What do you mean, sir?

Cit That you have no good meaning this seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens¹, and now you call your play “The London Merchant” Down with your title, boy! down with your title!

S of Prol Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit I am

S of Prol And a freeman?

Cit Yea, and a grocer

S of Prol So, grocer, then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city

Cit No, sir! yes, sir if you were not resolved to play the Jacks,² what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with “The Legend of Whittington,” or “The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange,” or “The Story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?”³

S of Prol You seem to be an understanding man what would you have us do, sir?

Cit Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city

S of Prol Why, what do you say to “The Life and Death of fat Drake,⁴ or the Repairing of Fleet-privies?”

¹ **girds at citizens** Does Shakespeare ever flavour his comedies so?
² **to play the Jacks** to play the fool

³ Of the three plays mentioned here, the first was never printed and its author is unknown, the second is one of Heywood's, and the third is Peele's *Edward I*. The last phrase refers probably to some play unknown

⁴ **The Life and Death of fat Drake** of course a humorous mock-title

Cit I do not like that, but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade

S of Prol Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since, our play is ready to begin now

Cit 'Tis all one for that, I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable¹ things

S of Prol What will you have him do?

Cit Marry, I will have him——

Wife [*Below*] Husband, husband!

Ralph [*Below*] Peace, mistress

Wife [*Below*] Hold thy peace, Ralph, I know what I do, I wairant ye—Husband, husband!

Cit What sayest thou, cony?

Wife [*Below*] Let him kill a lion with a pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a pestle!

Cit So he shall—I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle

Wife [*Below*] Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit Ay, cony—Ralph, help your mistress this way—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room—I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife I thank you, sir—So [*Wife comes on the Stage.*]

Wife By your leave, gentlemen all, I'm something troublesome I'm a stranger here, I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before, but I should have seen "Jane Shore" once², and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelve-month, to carry me to "The Bold Beauchamps," but in truth he did not I pray you, bear with me

Cit Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools and then begin, and let the grocer do rare things

[*Stools are brought*]

S of Prol But, sir, we have never a boy to play him every one hath a part already

Wife Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph

¹ admirable What is the exact meaning of this word here?

² Jane Shore an old lost play, as also is *The Bold Beauchamps*

play him ¹ beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all

Cit Well remembered, wife —Come up, Ralph — I'll tell you, gentlemen, let them but lend him a suit of reparel ¹ and necessities, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged

[RALPH comes on the Stage]

Wife I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparel ¹—I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him, he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feased, I warrant you, that we quake again, we'll fear our children with him, if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes!" to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs—Hold up thy head, Ralph, show the gentlemen what thou canst do, speak a huffing part ², I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it

Cit Do, Ralph, do

Ralph "By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touched any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of
hell" ³

Cit How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, Mucedorus, ⁴ before the wardens of our company

¹ reparel apparel

² a huffing part a swaggering part

³ This speech is an audacious hit at Shakespeare In the First Part of *Henry IV* I in 201-5, Hotspur says

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks," etc

⁴ *Mucedorus* the hero of a drama by an unknown author

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 195

Cit Ah, and he should have played Jeronimo¹ with a shoemaker for a wager

S of Prol He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in

Cit In, Ralph, in, Ralph, and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me [Exit RALPH]

Wife I warrant, our Ralph will look finely when he's dressed

S of Prol But what will you have it called?

Cit "The Grocer's Honour"

S of Prol Methinks "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" were better

Wife I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be

Cit Let it be so—Begin, begin, my wife and I will sit down

S of Prol I pray you, do

Cit What stately music have you? you have shawms²?

S of Prol Shawms! no

Cit No! I'm a thief, if my mind did not give me so Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them

S of Prol So you are like to be

Cit Why, and so I will be there's two shillings, —[gives money]—let's have the waits of Southwark, they are as rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them all o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad

S of Prol You shall have them Will you sit down, then?

Cit Ay—Come wife.

Wife Sit you merry all, gentlemen, I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease

[Citizen and Wife sit down]

* ¹ **Jeronimo** the ranting hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*

² **shawms**. hautboys, or a similar instrument.

S of Prol "From all that's near the court, from all
that's great,
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene Fly far from
hence
All private taxes,¹ immodest phrases,
Whatever may but show like vicious !
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things."

Thus much for that we do, but for Ralph's part
you must answer for yourself

Cit Take you no care for Ralph, he'll discharge
himself, I warrant you [*Exit Speaker of Prologue.*

Wife I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for
Ralph

ACT I

Venturewell is a prosperous City merchant whose daughter Luce is loved by his apprentice Jasper, and returns his love. But the merchant has other ideas for his daughter, and designs her in marriage to one Humphrey, whose only recommendations are his wealth and position. He is, however, an impossible fool and coward, and Luce, while outwardly yielding to her father's whim, arranges a queer stratagem for his defeat. She promises her hand to Humphrey, but only on condition that he should come and carry her away to Waltham Forest by night. She declares that she has vowed to make a runaway marriage, and that the happiness of her married life depends upon her carrying out her vow. Humphrey and the merchant readily fall in with her scruple. Meanwhile Jasper is dismissed from his apprenticeship, and returns to his home. He is a spirited youth who does not vex himself over his dismissal, but determines all the same to have his way. At home he finds his mother giving her blessing and a casket of gold to his brother Michael, a weakly milksop who, of course, is innocent of such scrapes as Jasper's. Michael is his mother's favourite, and she has nothing to give Jasper, who is driven out into the world with nothing more substantial than his father's good wishes. But Matthew Merrythought is a graceless, merry spendthrift, whose philosophy is one of enjoying the present and allowing the future to take

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 197

care of itself A few shillings is his all, and this he gives to Jasper, who takes it, and sets out nonchalantly to seek his fortune The Citizen and his Wife do not like Jasper, and are impatient to see Ralph "This is all riff-raff," says he, "bid the players send Ralph"

SCENE III—*A Grocer's Shop*

Enter RALPH, *as a Grocer, reading Palmerin of England, with* TIM *and* GEORGE

[*Wife* Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph

Cit Peace, fool! let Ralph alone—Hark you, Ralph, do not strain yourself too much at the first.—Peace!—Begin, Ralph]

Ralph [*Reads*] Then Palmerin and Trineus,¹ snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets galloped amain after the giant, and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain,² saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world," and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall, so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me" I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer,³ and destroy these giants,

¹ *Palmerin and Trineus* This is a quotation from a Spanish romance entitled *Palmerin d'Oliva*, which was translated into English by Antony Munday in 1588

² Cp Milton's *Lycidas* "The golden opes, the iron shuts amain"

³ The Prince of Portigo and Rosicleer are characters from another Spanish romance

they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights

[*Wife* Faith, husband, and Ralph says true, for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins¹ will come and snatch it from him

Cit Hold thy tongue—On, Ralph !]

Ralph And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies

[*Wife* Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest]

Ralph But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum² and dragon's-water³ to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

[*Cit* Well said, Ralph, some more of those words, Ralph !

Wife They go finely, by my troth]

Ralph Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-cirant I will be the said knight—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf Hence, my blue apron ! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade,

¹ ettins monsters O E *eoten*=giant

² mithridatum an antidote against poison, named from Mithridates, King of Pontus, who was supposed to have made himself proof against poison

³ dragon's-water dragon's blood, a red dye

upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle,¹
and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[*Wife* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy
old trade, thou wert ever meek]

Ralph Tim!

Tim Anon

Ralph My beloved squire, and George my dwarf,
I charge you that from henceforth you never call me
by any other name but "the right courteous and
valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle," and that you
never call any female by the name of a woman or
wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not,
"distressed damsel," that you call all forests and
heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys"

[*Wife* This is very fine, faith—Do the gentlemen
like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cit Ay, I warrant thee, the players would give
all the shoes in their shop for him]

Ralph My beloved squire Tim, stand out Admit
this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,²
and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would
you say?

Tim Sir, my master sent me to know whither you
are riding?

Ralph No, thus "Fair sir, the right courteous
and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded
me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound,
whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or other-
wise"

[*Cit* Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!]

Wife I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before all
the gentlemen heard him—Did he not, gentlemen?
did not Ralph tell him on't?]

George Right courteous and valiant Knight of the

¹ After the precedent of Eustace in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, which play is continually in the authors' thoughts.

² The first line of *The Faerie Queene* is—

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine"

Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper

[*Wife* That's a good boy ! see, the little boy can hit it, by my tioth, it's a fine child]

Ralph Relieve her, with all courteous language
Now shut up shop , no more my prentices, but my trusty squire and dwarf I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle

[*Exeunt* TIM and GEORGE
[*Cut* Go thy ways, Ralph ! As I'm a true man, thou art the best on 'em all

Wife Ralph, Ralph !

Ralph What say you, mistress ?

Wife I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph

Ralph By and by] [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE II—*Waltham Forest*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL

Mist Mer Come, Michael , art thou not weary, boy ?

Mich No, forsooth, mother, not I

Mist Mer Where be we now, child ?

Mich Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End . Is not all the world Mile-end, mother ?

Mist Mer No, Michael, not all the world, boy, but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter there has been a pitchfield,¹ my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen , and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed my neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece²

Mich Mother, forsooth—

¹ a pitchfield probably referring to a sham-fight that may have taken place at Mile End

² birding-piece fowling-piece

Mist Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich Shall not my father go with us too?

Mist Mer No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up¹, he shall never come between, a pair of sheets with me again while he lives, let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks, indeed [*They sit down and she takes out a casket*] Look here, Michael, here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th'eye, my boy.

Mich Shall I have all this, mother?

Mist Mer Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

[*Cit* How likest thou this, wench?

Wife I cannot tell, I would have Ralph, George, I'll see no more else, indeed, la, and I pray you, let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins,² 'twere worse than knot-grass³; he would never grow after it.]

Enter RALPH, TIM, and GEORGE

[*Cit* Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife How do you do, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends, Ralph the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou playest thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!]

Ralph My trusty squire, unlace my helm give me my hat

Where are we, or what desert may this be?

¹ *snick-up* hang himself

² *gaskins* breeches

³ *knot-grass* a weed supposed to prevent growth. The word is used by Shakespeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Lysander says to the diminutive Hermia "You minims, of hindering knot-grass made."

George Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down, in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley

Mist Mer Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly!

[Exit with MICHAEL leaving the casket

Ralph Lace on my helm again What noise is this?

A gentle lady, flying the embiace
Of some uncourteous knight, I will relieve her
Go, squire, and say, the Knight, that wears this
Pestle

In honour of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her,
Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company

Tim I go, brave knight [Exit

Ralph My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my
shield,

And hold it while I swear First, by my knight-
hood,

Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,¹
My famous ancestor, then by my sword
The beauteous Brionella girt about me,
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour
The living trophy, and by all respect
Due to distressed damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady
And that forsaken squire till by my valour
I gain their liberty!

George Heaven bless the knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!

[Exeunt

[*Wife* Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't;
I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his
books after him But, George, I will not have him go

¹ *Amadis de Gaul* a Spanish romance well known to the readers
of Queen Elizabeth's time through a French translation

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 203

away so soon, I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again, I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lovest me, George!

Cit Peace a little, bird he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are]

Enter JASPER

Jasp Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill, Show me thy better face, and bring about Thy desperate wheel,¹ that I may climb at length, And stand This is our place of meeting, If love have any constancy Oh, age, Where only wealthy men are counted happy! How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles, When I am only rich in misery? My father's blessing and this little coin Is my inheritance, a strong revénue! From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee

[Throws away the money]

There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air Breeds me a fresher fortune —How! illusion?

[Sees the casket]

What, hath the devil coined himself before me? 'Tis metal good, it rings well, I am waking, And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine, These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine

[Exit with the casket]

[Wife] I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle away the money, the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows

Cit And reason good, sweetheart.

Wife But let him go, I'll tell Ralph a tale in 's ear

¹ Explain clearly "bring about thy desperate wheel"

shall fetch him again with a wanion,¹ I warrant him, if he be above ground, and besides, George, he is a number of sufficient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be called in question

SCENE III — *Another part of the Forest*

Enter RALPH and GEORGE

But here comes Ralph, George, thou shalt hear him speak as if he were an emperal²]

Ralph Comes not sir squire again?

George Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
For and³ the Squire of Damsels, as I take it

*Enter TIM, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, and
MICHAEL*

Ralph Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest⁴ to give you succour,
For to that holy end I bear my armour

Mist Mer Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman,
and I have lost my money in this forest¹

Ralph Desert, you would say, lady, and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit the beauty of that face
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune

Mist Mer Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a
thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for
this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you
looked so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your
presence, more like a giant than a mortal man

¹ wanion with a vengeance

² How can you account for *emperal* instead of *emperor*?

³ for and along with

⁴ prest ready French *prêt*, cp "Hey, Presto!"

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 205

Ralph I am as you are, lady, so are they,
All mortal But why weeps this gentle squire?

Mist Mer Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Ralph Young hope of valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This fair lady behind me, and before
This courteous squire fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure Fairly speed

Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need! [*Exeunt*
[*Cit* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man
would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean
action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps
at him

Wife And so they may, i'faith, for I dare speak
it boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot
match him, timber for timber Well, George, an he
be not¹ inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha'
much marvel but, George, we ha' done our parts, if
the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit Yes, I warrant thee, duckling]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest*

Enter HUMPHREY and LUCE

Hum Good Mistress Luce, however I in fault am
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham,
But which way now to go, or what to say,
I know not truly, till it be broad day

Luce Oh, fear not, Master Humphrey, I am guide
For this place good enough

Hum Then, up and ride,
Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose,

¹ an he be not, etc What does this mean? To what "paltry
players" does she refer?

Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose,
 Either of which shall be indifferent
 To you good friend and Humphrey, whose consent
 Is so entangled ever to your will,
 As the poor harmless horse is to the mill

Luce Faith, an you say the word, we'll e'en sit
 down,

And take a nap

Hum 'Tis better in the town,
 Where we may nap together, for, believe me,
 To sleep without a snatch¹ would mickle grieve me

Luce You're merry, Master Humphrey

Hum So I am,

And have been ever merry from my dam.

Luce Your nurse had the less labour

Hum Faith, it may be,
 Unless it were by chance I did beray me

Enter JASPER

Jasp Luce! dear friend Luce!

Luce Here, Jasper

Jasp You are mine

Hum If it be so, my friend, you use me fine
 What do you think I am?

Jasp An arrant noddy

Hum A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
 I'll tell thy master, for I know thee well

Jasp Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,
 Take that, and that, and tell him, sir, I gave it
 And say, I paid you well *[Beats him]*

Hum Oh, sir, I have it,
 And do confess the payment! Pray, be quiet

Jasp Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
 To cure your beaten bones

Luce Alas, poor Humphrey,
 Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and
 comfrey,

¹ a snatch 2e of food

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 207

A little oil of roses and a feather
To 'noint thy back withal

Hum When I came hither,
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory¹

Luce Farewell, my pretty nump, I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company

Hum Farewell
The devil's dam was ne'er so banged in hell

[*Exeunt LUCE and JASPER*]

[*Wife* This young Jasper will prove me another thing, o' my conscience, an he may be suffered George, does not see, George, how 'a swaggers, and flies at the very heads o' folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, i-wis,² than have taught him these fegaries³ he's e'en in the high way to the gallows, God bless him!]

Cit You're too bitter, cony, the young man may do well enough for all this

Wife Come hither, Master Humphrey, has he hurt you? now, beshrew his fingers for't! Here sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee Now, beshrew my heart, but 'a has peppernel⁴ in 's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him

Cit No, no, you talk like a foolish woman I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge⁵ him up well-favouredly—Sirrah boy, come hither [*Enter Boy*]
Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper

Wife Ay, and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy

¹ Refers to the words of a popular song

² i-wis. surely, certainly

³ fegaries the good wife's mistake for "vagaries"

⁴ peppernel a swelling

⁵ swinge. beat

Boy Sir, you must pardon, the plot of our play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play

Cit Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Ralph come out, I'll make your house too hot for you else

Boy Why, sir, he shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us

Cit Go your ways, goodman boy! [*Exit Boy*] I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now Ho, here comes Ralph! no more!]

SCENE V — *Another part of the Forest*

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT,
MICHAEL, TIM, and GEORGE

Ralph What knight is that, squire? ask him if he keep

The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant¹

Hum Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, on yonder green
My lovely wife, and suffered (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting
[*Wife*. Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully,
Ralph, an thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou
were hanged

Cit No more, wife, no more!]

Ralph Where is the cartiff-wretch hath done this deed?

Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight —
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the paise
And the rich casket, till some better leisure

Hum Here comes the broker hath purloined
my treasure.

¹ prickant spurring, riding

Enter JASPER and LUCE

Ralph Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.

Tim From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady

Jasp Tell the knight that sent thee,
He is an ass, and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece

Ralph Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms

[*Wife* Break 's pate, Ralph, break 's pate, Ralph,
soundly!]

Jasp Come, knight, I am ready for you Now
your Pestle [*Snatches away his pestle.*
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of

With that he stood upright in his stirrups, and gave
the Knight of the calf-skin such a knock [*knocks
Ralph down*] that he forsook his horse, and down he
fell, and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off
his helmet——¹

Hum Nay, an my noble knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run [*Exit*
[*Wife* Run, Ralph, run, Ralph, run for thy life,
boy, Jasper comes, Jasper comes!]] [*Exit RALPH*

Jasp Come Luce, we must have other arms for
you
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu! [*Exeunt*

[*Wife* Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this
springald²! Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-
drake³! I am afraid my boy's miscarried if he be,

¹ Here Jasper parodies doubtless some absurd romance

² *springald* = youngster

³ *fire-drake*: a dragon breathing fire

though he were Master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for 't

Cit No, no, I have found out the matter, sweet-heart; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can in my lord mayor's I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet be no more vexed, for it shall be so]

SCENE VI —*Before the Bell-Inn, Waltham*

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT,
MICHAEL, TIM, and GEORGE

[*Wife* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again!—Stay, Ralph again, let me speak with thee How dost thou, Ralph? art thou not shrewdly¹ hurt? the foul great lungies² laid unmercifully on thee there's some sugar-candy for thee Proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him

Cit If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more]

Mist Mer Truly, Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary

Mich Indeed, la, mother, and I am very hungry

Ralph Take comfort, gentle dame, and you, fair squire,

For in this desert there must needs be placed
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you

[*Wife* Well said, Ralph!—George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

¹ *shrewdly* I think of any words which are connected with this
How has the modern meaning of "shrewd" arisen from its older sense?

² *lungies* a lout

Cit. Yes, duck

Wife I shall ne'er forget him When he had lost our child, (you know it was strayed almost alone to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a sculler,) Ralph was the most comfortablest to me - "Peacè, mistress," says he, "let it go, I'll get you another as good" Did he not, George, did he not say so?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouse]

George I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of dink, squire, and were going to bed¹

Tim Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell-Inn

George Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!

I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain
There plenty is of food, and all prepared
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests,
The first, hight¹ Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretched his buttered hams,
The second, hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein,
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfreys slick² with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle snuff

[*Wife* That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a groutnol³]

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance

[*TIM knocks at the door.*

¹ *hight*: archaic for *named*
² *slick*: feed, fatten ³ *groutnol*: blockhead

Enter Tapster

Tap Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen, will you see a room?

George Right courteous and valiant knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire Tapstero

Ralph Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandering knight, Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse, Losing myself in this vast wilderness, Am to this castle well by fortune brought, Where, hearing of the goodly entertain Your knight of holy order of the Bell Gives to all damsels and all errant knights, I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter

Tap An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome *[Exeunt]*

[Wife] George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is

Cit What is it, Nell?

Wife Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? prithee, sweetheart, let him

Cit So he shall, Nell, and if I join with him, we'll knock them all]

ACT III

Humphrey returns to Venturewell, who first chides the foolish lover and then prepares to rescue his daughter Uselessly he visits Jasper's father though his wife has left him and his son is in disgrace, Merrythought will still sing and be merry, and his high spirits jar upon the angry merchant, who exclaims

For this thy scorn I will pursue that son
Of thine to death,

and presently rides away with Humphrey to the forest
Ere he arrives the following episode favours his designs

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 213

SCENE I—*Waltham Forest*

Enter JASPER and LUCE

Jasp Come, my dear dear, though we have lost
our way

We have not lost ourselves Are you not weary,
With this night's wandering, broken from your
rest,

And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce No, my best friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possessed with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him

Jasp You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that,
whilst I live,

I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too, too delicate
For these disturbances—[*They sit down*] So will
you sleep?

Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in these watches,
For women are no soldiers be not nice,
But take it, sleep, I say

Luce I cannot sleep,
Indeed, I cannot, friend.

Jasp Why, then, we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses

Luce I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep

Jasp Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice

Luce You mock me, Jasper [*They sing*

Jasp Tell me, dearest, what is love ?

Luce 'Tis a lightning from above ,
 'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy they call Desire ,
 'Tis a smile
 Doth beguile

Jasp The poor hearts of men that prove

Tell me more, are women true ?

Luce Some love change, and so do you

Jasp Are they fair and never kind ?

Luce Yes, when men turn with the wind

Jasp Are they froward ?

Luce Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew

Jasp Dissemble it no more , I see the god
 Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace
 Upon your eyelids

Luce I am very heavy [Sleeps

Jasp Sleep, sleep , and quiet rest crown thy sweet
 thoughts !

Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings,
 Horrors, and fearful shapes ! let all her dreams
 Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
 And such new pleasures as the ravished soul
 Gives to the senses !—So , my charms have took,—
 Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
 Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind !
 She is only fair and constant, only kind,
 And only to thee, Jasper Oh, my joys !
 Whither will you transport me ? let not fulness
 Of my poor buried hopes come up together
 And overcharge my spirits ! I am weak
 Some say (however ill) the sea and women
 Are governed by the moon , both ebb and flow,
 Both full of changes , yet to them that know,
 And truly judge, these but opinions are, -

And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love and present fear,
Which are the best of Cupid Oh, thou child¹
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men!
Which to make good, and please myself the
stronger,

Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy —

[*Draws his sword.*]

Luce! Luce! awake!

Luce Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your
sword

Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee, Jasper, sleep, thou art wild with watching.
Jasp Come, make your way to Heaven, and bid
the world,

With all the villanies that stick upon it,
Farewell, you're for another life

Luce Oh, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropped untimely?

Jasp Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorned my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this hand you die;
I must have life and blood, to satisfy
Your father's wrongs

• [Wife Away, George, away! raise the watch at
¹ thou child: To whom does he refer here?

Ludgate and bring a mittimus¹ from the justice for this desperate villain !—Now, I charge you, gentlemen see the king's peace kept !—Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman !

Cit I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered]

Luce Oh, Jasper, be not cruel !
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me,
I am a woman, made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through strike, I am
ready,
And, dying, still I love thee

Enter VENTUREWELL, HUMPHREY, and Attendants

Vent Whereabouts ?

Jasp No more of this, now to myself again

Hum There, there he stands, with sword, like
martial knight,

Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise, for, were I good Sir Bevis,²
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves

Vent Sirrah, restore my daughter !

Jasp Sirrah, no

Vent Upon him, then !

[*They attack* JASPER, and force LUCE from him

[*Wife* So, down with him, down with him, down
with him ! cut him i' the leg, boys, cut him i' the
leg !]

Vent Come your ways, minion I'll provide a cage
For you, you're grown so tame—Hoise her away

Hum Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day

[*Exeunt all except* JASPER

¹ *mittimus* a warrant From the first word in the document

² *Sir Bevis* of Hampton, the hero of a famous mediæval romance

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 217

Jasp They are gone, and I am hurt ; my love is lost,

Never to get again Oh, me unhappy !
Bleed, bleed and die ! I cannot Oh, my folly,
Thou hath betrayed me ! Hope, where art thou fled ?
Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,
Shall I but see my love again ? Oh, no !
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should , yet I must venture
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die ! [Exit

[Wife Is 'a gone, George ?

Cit Ay, cony

Wife Marry, and let him go, sweetheart By the
faith o' my body, 'a has put me into such a fright,
that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen-leaf
Look o' my little finger, George, how it shakes Now,
in truth, every member of my body is the worse for't

Cit Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse, he
shall not fright thee any more Alas, mine own dear
heart, how it quivers !]

We turn now to Ralph and his distressed knights and ladies

SCENE II — *A Room in the Bell-Inn, Waltham*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL,
TIM, GEORGE, Host, and Tapster

[Wife Oh, Ralph ! how dost thou, Ralph ? How
hast thou slept to-night ? has the knight used thee
well ?

Cit Peace, Nell, let Ralph alone]

Tap Master, the reckoning is not paid

Ralph Right courteous knight, who, for the order's
sake,

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,

We render thanks to your puissant self,
 Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
 For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
 Stiffened with hard achievements in wild desert

Tap Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay

Ralph Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
 For comforting our souls with double jug
 And, if adventurous fortune prick thee forth,
 Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
 Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
 Every true knight, and every damsel fair,
 But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
 And false enchanters that with magic spells
 Have done to death full many a noble knight

Host Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle,
 give ear to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and,
 as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny

[*Wife* George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay
 twelve shillings now?

Cit No, Nell, no, nothing but the old knight is
 merry with Ralph

Wife Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as
 merry as he]

Ralph Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you
 well,

But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
 If any of your squires will follow arms,
 He shall receive from my heroic hand
 A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle

Host Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer
 Therefore, gentle knight,

Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap¹ you

[*Wife* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much?
 the knight of the Bell is in earnest Ralph shall not
 be beholding to him give him his money, George,
 and let him go snick up

Cit, Cap Ralph! no — Hold your hand, Sir Knight

¹ cap. arrest,

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 219

of the Bell, there's your money [*gives money*] have you any thing to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph!

Wife I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that— Now take thy course, Ralph]

Mist Mer Come, Michael, thou and I will go home to thy father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ah, I pray, mother, in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling

[*Wife* Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble Mistress Merrymthought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles with a mouse-skin, or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them, it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive]

Mist Mer Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell I thank your worship heartily for your kindness

Ralph Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire. If pricking through these deserts, I do hear Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile Hath light upon your casket and your paise, I will despoil him of them, and restore them

Mist Mer I thank your worship

[*Exit with MICHAEL*

Ralph Dwarf, bear my shield, squire, elevate my lance —

And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

[*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid]

Ralph But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight, Of aught you do of sad adventures know, Where errant knight may through his prowess win

Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain

Host Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him
prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly

Tap I am gone, sir [Exit

Host Sir Knight, this wildeiness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you lose your life
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell

Ralph Speak on, Sir Knight, tell what he is and
where

For here I vow, upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quelled that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant knights

Host Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,¹
Ycleped² Barbarossa in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turned up, and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres
And ladies gent³ without his door doth hang
A copper basin on a prickant spear,
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbarossa hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair,
Then with an engine,⁴ which he hath prepared,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,

¹ won dwell
² ycleped. called

³ gent gentle
⁴ What "engine" is this?

Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him

Ralph In God's name, I will fight with him Kind

~ SIR,

Go but before me to this dismal cave,
Where this huge giant Barbarossa dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
That damned brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannaisco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul

Host Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man, but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away

Ralph Saint George, set on before! march squire
and page! [*Exeunt*]

[*Wife* George, dost think Ralph will confound the
giant?

Cit I hold my cap to a farthing he does why,
Nell, I saw him wrestle with the giant Dutchman, and
hurl him

Wife Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man,
if all things were answerable to his bigness And
yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he,
and that they two and a knight met, and saw one
another for nothing But of all the sights that ever
were in London, since I was married, methinks the
little child that was so fair grown about the members
was the prettiest, that and the hermaphrodite

Cit Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better

Wife. Ninivie ! oh, that was the story of Jone and the wall, was it not, George ?

Cit Yes, lamb

SCENE IV — *Before a Barber's Shop, Waltham*

Enter RALPH, Host, TIM, and GEORGE

Wife Oh, Ralph's here, George !—God send thee good luck, Ralph !]

Host Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are !
Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights !
I dare not stay to sound , he will appear [Exit

Ralph Oh, faint not, heart ! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk-Street, for whose sake
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds ,
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbarossa !—
Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak

[TIM *knocks upon the basin*

Enter Barber

[*Wife* Oh, George, the giant, the giant !—Now, Ralph for thy life !]

Bar What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at Barbarossa's cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind ?

Ralph I, traitorous catiff, who am sent by fate,
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights Traitor to God and men,
Prepare thyself , this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 223

Bar Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby¹
This fond reproach thy body will I bang,

[*Takes down his pole*
And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang!
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be

Ralph Saint George for me!¹ [*They fight*

Bar Gaigantua² for me!

[*Wife* To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant,
set out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cit Falsify³ a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! the giant
lies open on the left side

Wife Bear't off, bear't off still! there, boy!—Oh,
Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!]

Ralph Susan, inspire me! now have up again

[*Wife* Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with
him, down with him, Ralph!

Cit Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[*Ralph knocks down the Barber*

Wife There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

Cit No, Ralph, get all out of him first]

Ralph Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods

Who never prosper those that do despise me,

For all the villainies which thou hast done

To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home

By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous

But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul

To sad Avernus⁴ (whither it must go)

What captives holdst thou in thy sable⁵ cave?

¹ aby abide

² Gargantua the giant who is the hero of Rabelais' fantastic romance. The conception was probably obtained from the folk tales of France, but it has been worked into the framework of one of the wisest and one of the most loathsome of the world's books. Rabelais was a monk, physician, and scholar of the sixteenth century, who dared not print his opinions openly, and so hid them in his grotesque romances called *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*.

³ What is the meaning of "falsify" here?

⁴ Avernus the lower world

⁵ sable. dark

Bar Go in, and free them all, thou hast the day
Ralph Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful
 cave,

And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds
 [*Exeunt TIM and GEORGE*]

Bar I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,
 And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg

Ralph Thou show'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou
 have any,
 Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die

*Re-enter TIM leading a Man winking, with a
 basin under his chin*

Tim Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner,
 Whom this vile man hath usèd as you see
 [*Wife* This is the first wise word I heard the squire
 speak]

Ralph Speak what thou art, and how thou hast
 been used,

That I may give him condign punishment

Man I am a knight that took my journey post
 Northward from London, and in courteous wise
 This giant trained me to his loathsome den,
 Under pretence of killing of the itch,
 And all my body with a powder strewed,
 That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
 And my curled locks wherein were ribands tied,
 And with a water washed my tender eyes,
 (Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,)
 Whose virtue is, that, till my eyes be wiped
 With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
 I shall not dare to look a dog i' the face

[*Wife* Alas, poor knight!—Releve him, Ralph,
 relieve poor knights, whilst you live]

Ralph My trusty squire, convey him to the town,
 Where he may find relief—Adieu, fair knight

[*Exeunt Man with TIM, who presently re-enters*]

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 225

Re-enter GEORGE, leading a second Man, with a patch over his nose

George Puissant Knight, of the Burning Pestle
hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scotched and scored in this inhuman wise.

Ralph Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of
birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave
2nd Man I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my
name,

And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy,¹ but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all, and riding hard this way
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Light at this cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands!

[*Wife* Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send
him away, for in truth his breath stinks]

Ralph Convey him straight after the other
knight—

Sir Pockhole, fare you well

2nd Man Kind sir, good night

[*Exit with GEORGE, who presently re-enters*

* * * * *

[*Cit* Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like
Ralph

Wife Ay, George, I see it well enough—Gentle-
men, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man
Ralph, and I promise that you shall see him
oftener]

Bar Mercy, great knight! I do recant my ill,

¹ copy: tenure. What is the meaning of the legal word "copy-hold"

And henceforth never gentle blood will spill

Ralph I give thee mercy, but yet shalt thou swear

Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform^r
Thy promise uttered

Bar I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the pestle*]

Ralph Depart, then, and amend — [*Exit Barber*]
Come, squire and dwarf, the sun grows towards his set,

And we have many more adventures yet [*Exeunt*]
[*Cit* Now *Ralph* is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him]

Wife Ay, George, but it is well as it is I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant]

ACT IV

Ralph's appearances are still demanded by the importunate Citizen, but his later doings have no concern with the plot. The following scene, in which he is wooed by the King of Moldavia's daughter, is pure burlesque

SCENE II — *A Hall in the King of Moldavia's Court*

Enter POMPIONA, RALPH, TIM, and GEORGE

[*Wife* Oh, here they come! how prettily the King of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!]

[*Cit* Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant ye]

Pomp Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court, King of Moldavia¹ unto me Pompiona, His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us No longer but a night

Ralph Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,

¹ **Moldavia** the northern province of Roumania

That call me forth into the wilderness,
 Besides, my horse's back is something galled,
 Which will enforce me ride a sober pace
 But many thanks, fair lady, be to you
 For using errant knight with courtesy!

Pomp But say, brave knight, what is your name
 and birth?

Ralph My name is Ralph, I am an Englishman,
 (As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,)
 And prentice to a grocer in the Strand
 By deed indent, of which I have one part
 But fortune calling me to follow arms,
 On me this only order I did take
 Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
 I bear, confounding ladies' enemies

Pomp Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
 And fertile soil and store of wholesome food,
 My father oft will tell me of a drink
 In England found, and nipitato¹ called,
 Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts

Ralph Lady, 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
 To better nipitato than there is

Pomp And of a wild fowl he will often speak,
 Which powdered-beef-and-mustard callèd is
 For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you,
 But, truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me
 Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
 To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

Ralph I am a knight of a religious order,
 And will not wear a favour of a lady
 That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions

[*Cit* Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst.]

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
 In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
 I took these arms, and Susan is her name,
 A cobbler's maid in Milk-Street, whom I vow
 Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last

nipitato strong ale

Pomp Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee !
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day

To see thee more, that bear'st my heart'away !

Ralph Lady, farewell , I needs must take my leave

Pomp Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive !

[*Cit* Hark thee, Ralph there's money for thee
[*gives money*], give something in the King of
Cracovia's house , be not beholding to him]

Ralph Lady, before I go, I must remember

Your father's officers, who truth to tell,

Have been about me very diligent

Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid !

There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain ,

And another shilling for his cook,

For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well ,

And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,

For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter

There is another shilling , to the maid

That washed my boot-hose there's an English groat

And two-pence to the boy that wiped my boots ,

And last, fair lady, there is for yourself

Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair

Pomp Full many thanks , and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph

Ralph Advance, my squire and dwarf ! I cannot
stay

Pomp Thou kill'st my heart in passing thus away.

[*Exeunt*

[*Wife* I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop
to a Cracovian , there's properer women in London
than any are there, I-wis]

Venturewell, having recovered Luce, puts her under lock and key, and it is arranged that she shall marry Humphrey within three days But presently, a boy arrives, bearing a letter from Jasper, wherein that ingenious apprentice declares himself dying and begs the pardon of his master. As an earnest that the pardon is granted, he asks as a dying wish that his coffin might

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 229

be brought into Luce's room, "that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue" The easy natured merchant readily yields

SCENE IV — *Another Room in the House of Venturewell*

Enter LUCE

Luce If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul ! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures.—Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh, Death ! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend !—
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together !¹
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle !

Enter Servant

Serv By your leave,
Young mistress, here's a boy hath brought a coffin.
What 'a would say, I know not ; but your father
Charged me to give you notice Here they come
[*Exit*

Enter Boy, and two Men bearing a coffin

Luce For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most
welcome

Boy Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper
(That whilst he lived was yours, now dead

¹ What is the meaning of this line?

And here enclosed) commanded me to bring
 His body hither, and to crave a tear
 From those fair eyes, (though he deserved not
 pity,)
 To deck his funeral, for so he bid me
 Tell her for whom he died

Luce He shall have many.—
 Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
 My leave of this dead man, that once I loved
 [Exeunt Boy and Men

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
 To thy first heavenly being Oh, my friend!
 Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me?
 I shall not long be after But, believe me,
 Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
 In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
 With so untimely death thou didst not wrong me,
 But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving,
 And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
 Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
 Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
 And all myself, before thou goest from me
 These are but sparing rites, but if thy soul
 Be yet about this place, and can behold
 And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
 It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
 And satisfied First will I sing thy dirge,
 Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
 And fill one coffin and one grave together

[Sings

Come, you whose loves are dead,
 And, whiles I sing,
 Weep, and wring
 Every hand, and every head
 Bind with cypress and sad yew,
 Ribands black and candles blue
 For him that was of men most true!

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 231

Come with heavy moaning,
 And on his grave
 Let him have
 Sacrifice of sighs and groaning ,
 Let him have fair flowers enow,
 White and purple, green and yellow,
 For him that was of men most true !

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
 I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death
 [*Removes the cloth, and JASPER rises out of the coffin*]

Jasp And thus you meet the living.

Luce Save me, Heaven !

Jasp Nay, do not fly me, fair , I am no spirit
 Look better on me , do you know me yet ?

Luce Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend !

Jasp Dear substance ,
 I swear I am no shadow , feel my hand,
 It is the same it was , I am your Jasper,
 Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving
 Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
 I put in practice of your constancy ,
 For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
 And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
 The least drop from that body for which boldness
 Doom me to any thing , if death, I take it,
 And willingly

Luce This death I'll give you for it , [*Kisses him*]
 So, now I am satisfied you are no spirit,
 But my own truest, truest, truest friend ,
 Why do you come thus to me ?

Jasp First, to see you ,
 Then to convey you hence

Luce. It cannot be ,
 For I am locked up here, and watched at all hours,
 That 'tis impossible for me to scape
Jasp Nothing more possible. Within this coffin

Do you convey yourself, let me alone,
 I have the wits of twenty men about me,
 Only I crave the shelter of your closet
 A little, and then fear me not Creep in,
 That they may presently convey you hence
 Fear nothing, dearest love, I'll be your second,
 [*LUCE lies down in the coffin, and JASPER*
 covers her with the cloth
 Lie close, so, all goes well yet — Boy!

Re-enter Boy and Men.

Boy At hand, sir
Jasp Convey away the coffin, and be wary
Boy 'Tis done already [*Exeunt Men with the coffin*
Jasp Now must I go conjure [*Exit into a closet*

Enter VENTUREWELL

Vent Boy, boy!
Boy Your servant, sir
Vent Do me this kindness, boy, (hold, here's a
 crown,)
 Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
 Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him
 From me, and bid him sing, he hath cause
Boy I will, sir
Vent And then bring me word what tune he is in,
 And have another crown, but do it truly
 I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him
Boy God bless your worship's health, sir!
Vent Farewell, boy! [*Exeunt severally*

Ralph enters again in the dress of a may-lord, and recites the May poem. The dramatists did not forget, either here or throughout their play, the high-flown play of Thomas Heywood, *The Four Prentices of London*

SCENE V

Enter RALPH dressed as a May-lord

Ralph London, to thee I do present the merry
 month of May,
 Let each true subject be content to hear me what I^{*}
 say
 For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may
 appear,
 I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I
 came here
 My name is Ralph, by due descent though not
 ignoble I
 Yet far inferior to the stock of gracious grocery,
 And by the common counsel of my fellows in the
 Strand,
 With gilded staff and crossed scarf, the May-lord
 here I stand
 Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, oh lovers
 dear!
 Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke
 every shere!
 For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout
 in seemly sort,
 The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make
 fine sport,
 And now the birchen-tree doth bud, that makes the
 schoolboy cry;
 The morris rings, while hobby-horse¹ doth foot it
 feateously²,
 The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport
 and play,
 Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in
 the hay;
 Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge
 the blood;

* ¹ hobby-horse. one of the characters represented in a morris dance

² feateously cleverly

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 235

Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his
country peace,
And root out treason from the land! and so, my
friends, I cease [Exit.]

ACT V

SCENE I — *A Room in the House of Venturewell*

Enter VENTUREWELL

Vent I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives, and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary

Enter JASPER, with his face mealed

Jasp Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late

Vent Heaven bless me! Jasper!

Jasp Ay, I am his ghost,

Whom thou hast injured for his constant love,
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,
To far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face but she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts
And never shalt thou sit or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me,
• When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine,

I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
 Invisible to all men but thyself,
 And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear
 Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
 And stand as mute and pale as death itself

Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I do,
 Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?

Jasp. There is no means, too late thou think'st of
 this

Vent. But tell me what were best for me to do?

Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
 And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors [*Exit*
 [*Wife.* Look, George, his very ghost would have
 folks beaten]

Enter HUMPHREY

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress Luce,
 My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice

Vent. Hence fool, out of my sight with thy fond
 passion!

Thou hast undone me [*Beats him*

Hum. Hold, my father dear,
 For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer!

Vent. Thy father, fool! there's some blows more,
 begone — [*Beats him*

Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeased
 To see thy will performed Now will I go
 To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs [*Aside and exit*

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten
 twice,

And Mistress Luce is gone Help me, device!

Since my true love is gone, I never more,
 Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore
 But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles

In passion in Saint Faith's church under Paul's
 [*Exit*

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 237

[*Wife* George, call Ralph hither, if you love me, call Ralph hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do, George, prithee, call him quickly]

Cit Ralph! why Ralph, boy!]

Enter RALPH.

Ralph Here, sir.

[*Cit* Come hither, Ralph, come to thy mistress, boy]

Wife Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph, and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf, for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't Do it bravely, Ralph, and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent]

Ralph I warrant you, mistress, if I do it not, for the honour of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom!

[*Wife* 'Tis well spoken, i'faith Go thy ways, thou art a spark indeed]

Cit Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!]

Ralph I warrant you, sir

[*Exit*

SCENE II—*A Street (and afterwards Mile-End)*

Enter RALPH and Company of Soldiers (*among whom are* WILLIAM HAMMERTON and GEORGE GREENGOOSE), *with drums and colours.*

Ralph March fair, my hearts! Lieutenant, beat the rear up—Ancient, let your colours fly, but have a great care of the butcher's hooks at Whitechapel,

they have been the death of many a fair ancient —
Open your files, that I may take a view both of your
persons and munition — Sergeant, call a muster

Serg A stand ! — William Hammeiten, pewterer !

Ham Here, captain !

Ralph A corselet and a Spanish pike, 'tis well
can you shake it with a terror ?

Ham I hope so, captain

Ralph Charge upon me [*He charges on Ralph*]. —
'Tis with the weakest but more strength, William
Hammerton, more strength As you were again ! —
Proceed, Sergeant

Serg George Greengoose, poulterer

Green Here !

Ralph Let me see your piece, neighbour Green-
goose when was she shot in ?

Green An't like you, master captain, I made a
shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for
audacity

Ralph It should seem so certainly, for her breath
is yet inflamed, besides, there is a main fault in
the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh, and I tell you
moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would
breed the pox in the army Get you a feather,
neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and
your piece may do well enough yet Where's your
powder ?

Green Here

Ralph What, in a paper ! as I am a soldier and
a gentleman, it craves a martial court ! you ought
to die for't Where's your horn ? answer me to
that.

Green An't like you, sir, I was oblivious

Ralph It likes me not you should be so, 'tis a
shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbours,
being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your
horn behind you I am afraid 'twill breed example

Your horn &c your powder horn

But let me tell you no more on't—Stand, till I view you all—What's become o' the nose of your flask?

1st Sold Indeed, la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph Put on a new one at the city's charge—Where's the stone of this piece?

2nd Sold The drummer took it out to light tobacco

Ralph 'Tis a fault, my friend, put it in again—You want a nose,—and you a stone—Sergeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay—Remove, and march! [*They march*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! double your files! as you were! faces about! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So, make a crescent now, advance your pikes, stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted, but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's cart is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience, neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.

To a resolvèd mind his home is everywhere

I speak not this to take away

The hope of your return, for you shall see

(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly

Your loving wives again and your sweet children,

Whose care doth bear you company in baskets

Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand,

And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,

Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this stand to your
facklings, lads, and show to the world you can as well
brandish a sword as shake an apron Saint George,
and on, my hearts !

All Saint George, Saint George ! [*Exeunt*

[Wife 'Twas well done, Ralph ! I'll send thee a
cold capon a-field and a bottle of March beer, and,
it may be, come myself to see thee

Cit Nell, the boy hath deceived me much, I did
not think it had been in him He has performed
such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll
have him captain of the galley-foist,¹ or I'll want my
will]

SCENE III—*A Room in Merrythought's House*

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT

Mer Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle
more than I had Not a stoop, boys? Care, live
with cats I defy thee ! My heart is as sound as an
oak, and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I
can sing, [*Sings*

Come no more there, boys, come no more there,
For we shall never whilst we live come any more
there

Enter Boy, and two Men bearing a coffin

Boy God save you, sir !

Mer It's a brave boy Canst thou sing?

Boy Yes, sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary
at this time

Mer [*Sings*] Sing we, and chant it,
Whilst love doth grant it²

Boy Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you,
you would have little list to sing

¹ galley-foist the Lord-Mayor's barge

² This song is from Morley's *First Booke of Ballets*, published in
1600

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 241

Mer. [*Sings*] Oh, the Mimon¹ round,
Full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it .
[*Exit with Men.*]

Mer. Dead ! [*Sings*]
Why; farewell he !
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee

Enter JASPER

Jasp. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still
Mer. Jasper's ghost ! [*Sings*
Thou art welcome from Stygian² lake so soon ,
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court
are done

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too
hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost ! [*Sings*
And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours ?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir !
[*Removes the cloth, and LUCE rises out of the coffin*

Mer. Ah, ha ! art thou good at that, i'faith ? [*Sings.*
With hey, trixy, terlery-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels
When the young man's — ,
Up goes the maiden's heels.

MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL within

Mist Mer. [*Within*] What, Master Merrythought !
will you not let's in ? what do you think shall become
of us ?

¹ *Mimon*: a species of bat.

² The river Siyx is the river over which souls must pass into Hades.
Pluto is the god of the infernal world.

Mer [*Sings*]

What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mist Mer [*Within*] You know me well enough;
I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you

Mer [*Sings*]

And some they whistled, and some they sung,

Hey, down, down!

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,

Away, Musgrave, away!¹

Mist Mer [*Within*] You will not have us starve
here, will you, Master Merrythought?

Jasp Nay, good sir, be persuaded, she is my
mother

If her offences have been great against you,

Let your own love remember she is yours,

And so forgive her

Luce Good Master Merrythought,

Let me entreat you, I will not be denied

Mist Mer [*Within*] Why, Master Merrythought,
will you be a vexed thing still?

Mer Woman, I take you to my love again, but
you shall sing before you enter, therefore despatch
your song and so come in

Mist Mer [*Within*] Well, you must have your
will, when all's done—Mick, what song canst thou
sing, boy?

Mick [*Within*] I can sing none, forsooth, but "A
Lady's Daughter, of Paris properly," [*Sings within*]

It was a lady's daughter, etc.²

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door, enter* MISTRESS
MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL

Mer Come, you're welcome home again [*Sings*]

¹ From the ballad of *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, printed
in Percy's *Reliques*

² From Evans's *Old Ballads*.

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE 243

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-maying—

Vent [*Within*] Are you within, sir? Master Merrythought!

Jasp It is my master's voice good sir, go hold him

In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into
Some inward room [*Exit with LUCE*]

Mer What are you? are you merry?
You must be very merry, if you enter

Vent [*Within*] I am, sir

Mer Sing, then

Vent [*Within*] Nay, good sir, open to me

Mer Sing, I say,
Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent [*Within*] Well, sir, I'll sing [*Sings*]
Fortune, my foe, etc

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door enter* VENTURE-
WELL

Mer You are welcome, sir, you are welcome you
see your entertainment, pray you, be merry

Vent Oh, Master Merrythought, I am come to ask
you

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you,
And your most virtuous son! they're infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which just Heaven hath given me punishment
More than my age can carry, his wandering spirit,
Nor yet at rest, pursues me every where,
Crying, "I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty"
My daughter, she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living
Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me

Oh, Master Merrythought, these are the weights
Will sink me to my grave¹ forgive me, sir

Mer Why, sir, I do forgive you, and be merry,
And if the wag in's lifetime played the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Vent With all my heart, sir

Mer Speak it again, and heartily

Vent I do, sir,
Now, by my soul, I do

Re-enter LUCE and JASPER

Mer [*Sings*]

With that came out his paramour
She was as white as the lily flower
Hey, trou, trol, loly!

With that came out her own dear knight,
He was as true as ever did fight,¹ etc

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together, there's no more to be said i' the matter

Vent I do, I do

[*Cit* I do not like this Peace, boys! Hear me,
one of you every body's part is come to an end but
Ralph's, and he's left out

Boy 'Tis 'long of yourself, sir, we have nothing to
do with his part

Cit Ralph, come away!—Make an end on him, as
you have done of the rest, boys, come

Wife Now, good husband, let him come out and
die

Cit He shall, Nell—Ralph, come away quickly,
and die, boy!

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon
no occasion—and in a comedy too

Cit Take you no care of that, sir boy, is not his
part at an end, think you, when he's dead?—Come
away, Ralph!]

¹ An old ballad not yet printed

Enter RALPH, with a forked arrow through his head.

- *Ralph.* When I was mortal, this my costive corps
 Did lay up figs and raisins in the Strand,
 Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
 Whose master wrought with lingel¹ and with awl,
 And underground he vampèd² many a boot.
 Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,
 To follow feats of arms in warlike wise
 Through Waltham-desert, where I did perform
 Many achievements, and did lay on ground
 Huge Barbarossa, that insulting giant,
 And all his captives soon set at liberty
 Then honour pricked me from my native soil
 Into Moldavia, where I gained the love
 Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter,
 But yet proved constant to the black thumbèd maid
 Susan, and scornèd Pompiona's love,
 Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
 And money for her father's officers
 I then returnèd home, and thrust myself
 In action, and by all men chosen was
 Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
 With scarfs and rings, and posy in my hand.
 After this action I preferred was,
 And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,
 With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,
 And trained my men, and brought them all off
 clear,
 Save one man that berayed him with the noise
 But all these things I Ralph did undertake
 Only for my beloved Susan's sake.
 Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
 With apron blue, Death came into my stall
 To cheapen *aquavitæ*³, but ere I
 Could take the bottle down and fill a taste,

¹ lingel: thread.

² vampèd, patched.

³ *aquavitæ*; brandy.

Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
 And sprinkled all my face and body o'er
 And in an instant vanishèd away

[*Cit* 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith]

Ralph Then took I up my bow and shaft in
 hand,

And walkèd into Moorfields to cool myself,
 But there grim cruel Death met me again,
 And shot this forkèd arrow through my head,
 And now I faint, therefore be warned by me,
 My fellows every one, of forkèd heads!
 Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!
 Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday¹ meet,
 And pluck down houses of iniquity,—
 My pain increaseth,—I shall never more
 Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
 Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs,
 Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall!
 I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!
 Oh, oh, oh, etc

[*Wife* Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance to the
 gentlemen, and go your ways well said, Ralph!]

[*RALPH rises, makes obeisance, and exit*]

Mer Methinks all we, thus kindly and unex-
 pectedly reconciled, should not depart without a song

Vent A good motion

Mer Strike up, then!

SONG

Better music ne'er was known
 Than a quire of hearts in one
 Let each other, that hath been
 Troubled with the gall or spleen,

¹ Shrove-Tuesday was the great day of the London apprentices,
 when they did practically what they liked,

Learn of us to keep his brow
 Smooth and plain, as ours are now
 Sing, though before the hour of dying,
 He shall rise, and then be crying,
 "Hey, ho, 'tis nought but mirth
 That keeps the body from the earth!"

[*Exeunt*]

[*Cut* Come, Nell, shall we go? the play's done
Wife Nay, by my faith, George, I have more
 manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen
 first—I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience
 and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child,
 and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard
 but I would have a bottle of wine and a pipe of
 tobacco for you for, truly, I hope you do like the
 youth, but I would be glad to know the truth; I
 refer it to your own discretions, whether you will
 applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilst you
 shall do what you will I thank you with all my
 heart God give you good night!—Come, George]

[*Exeunt*]

JOHN FLETCHER (1576—1625)

Hence, all you vain delights

From *The Passionate Madman*, by Fletcher only, this song
 shows how truly Fletcher had the essence of poetry in him, even
 when he was writing his wildest and most careless plays.

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly
 There's naught in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound ■

- Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls ,
A midnight bell, a parting groan
These are the sounds we feed upon
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley ,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.